MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. XVII Jan - Feb. No. 2

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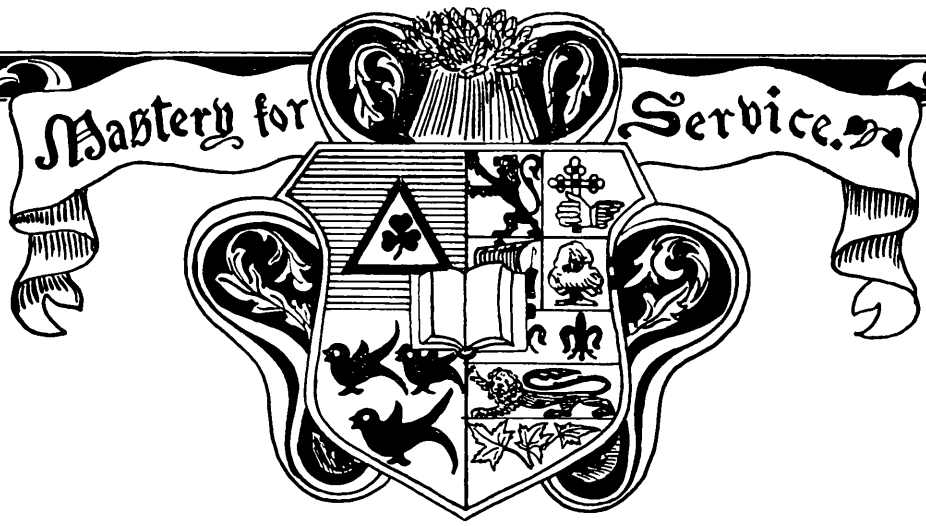

Vol. XVII No. II

Macdonald College Magazine

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Winter

W. F. G.

Her charms are covered. O'er them in the night,
A gentle hand hath drawn a cov'ring white.
And down beneath the pure unsullied cloak
Gladness reigns. While in secluded nook,
And peaceful, fertile valley
Where once, with laughter and with joyful sally
Their heads they raised to greet the first warm peep
Of sun, the fragrant buds in silence sleep.
The lark that rose to greet the glowing ray,
Fluttering high with soul expressed in lay,
Has gone. Eternal silence lies around
Suggested by soft clothing of the ground
With Nature's rug. The trees majestic rise
Like ghostly towers. Their heads into the skies
Merge, and whisper low with crooning gentleness
Their welcome to the snow's first light caress.

THE

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVII JANUARY — FEBRUARY No. II

EDITORIAL

The new term has started off like a mixed drink. Some of the ingredients have been sour and some sweet, but they will blend, we hope, into a perfect Toast to a successful New Year. For some of us it was almost too much to turn from Christmas festivities to examinations. It is a far cry from the altar of Bacchus to the throne of Minerva, but Our Lady will brook no dallying with the genial god.

The new time tables show a full but well arranged curriculum. But they still raise the old question of the importance of minor subjects. Are we receiving too general an education at college? After all, this is an age of specialization. The various professions require men who have, not a general grounding in all subjects, but a rather more than special knowledge along particular lines. We suggest that during the third and fourth years of the B. S. A. course, certain of the minor subjects be left out, in order that the students may have a little time for original reading in their major work. It seems a pity to blast the future career of a budding Horticulturist because he cannot grasp the Theory of Indicators.

We are expecting a successful term in athletics. The teams show more than average ability, and, what is better, a team spirit that is worth more than goals. Our great trouble here is the paucity, not of good material, but of good coaching. In this respect we would like to make a suggestion. The Faculty have shown us, time and again, that they have a first class baseball team. Could not some of their players appear at our practices and coach the college team? Instruction is always acceptable from a man who can put his theory into practice. We would also suggest that the junior years contribute to the various teams. They will later on represent the College themselves. But at present they do not seem to realize that without experience and practice, they will be unable to make a good showing.

We must apologise for the poor finish of our last issue. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the Magazine had to wait over at the Press for some time. As a result, the issue was rushed

in order to be out before the end of term. We have also heard much criticism with regard to the sentiments expressed in some of the articles. But these adverse remarks come from those who never contribute themselves. The Magazine can only print what the students send it. By all means, condemn the articles, but send better ones as well. Constructive, not destructive criticism, please!

In an effort to increase the attendance at the Formal Dances, the men have been given the privilege of asking in outside girls. Heretofore, in spite of an attractive majority of co-eds, the men seem to have found difficulty in obtaining partners across the campus. We hope that there will be a full attendance at the next Formal Dance.

In conclusion, we would like to wish everyone a successful year in every way. To accomplish this, we advocate the maintenance of all new year resolutions!...

Our deepest sympathy is with
Miss Anderson
for her recent bereavement

The Ascent of Jazz

CONCLUDED)

V. C. DAWSON, *Class '28*

In the article of which the present is the conclusion we had a little discussion on those instruments which are most used in the modern jazz orchestra. Fondly hoping you were not wearied, and that my "Ascent of Jazz" may be completed, let us now review the development of such orchestras.

Now, it seems I have often been told that there is a cause which explains the presence of every single thing upon this earth, but I am completely at loss to state whether the birth of jazz was a result of newer demands of the dance or whether the dancing styles changed to adapt themselves to the new music.

Indeed, the point is very likable to that in the famous biological controversy of the chicken and the egg. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Which came first, the fox-trot or the music? Who can say? Most assuredly, not I!

However this may be, I am inclined to believe that jazz was the child of that desire for a more simple and agreeable style of dancing than was existent in the mad year of **1914**. At that time there was a decided trend, in the dancing world, away from such difficult steps as the tango, maxixe, hesitation, et cetera, and I have good reason for believing that the more simple steps introduced led to the ntroduction of a more fitting type of musical stimulus.

I make this statement because, with the theory propounded in mind, it is rather too obvious to be ignored that in the same year was made the first real attempt at what we now accept as a jazz orchestra. Before this, the typical dance orchestra had been composed of such instruments as a piano,flute, clarinet, cornet, trombone and drums, with a double bass and perhaps one or two violins.

Now, such a combination simply meant three things. Firstly, there was no homogeneity. Secondly, it was noisy when the brasses were blowing away, and lastly, it was dull even to deadness when they weren't. Truly an insufferable state of affairs!

Hickman's Orchestra, which really made its début at this period, was composed of a piano, two saxophones, cornet, trombone, violin, banjo and traps. Such a marshalling of forces far surpassed all previous attempts along this line and really marked the first page in the history of jazz. It is only when this particular orchestra and any typical present-day jazz organization are contrasted, and the amazing similarity noted, that we lovers of jazz acknowledge the debt due to Hickman for his wonderful foresight and judgement. He gave us a a jazz orchestra overnight, as it were, but we hadn't yet attained to modern jazz.

Now, perhaps the rather conflicting statements of my last paragraph warrant some explanation, and I think the easiest way to clarify matters will be by showing the difference in azz as it was played then and now

Your present day jazz orchestra plays from what are known as scores or orchestrations. That is, each instrument has its individual music, and to produce the syncopated melody the players have only to sit down and render the piece, each as his own is written. These orchestrations are "arranged" by a highly-salaried musician who rarely does anything else, and some of the large orchestras now have their own arrangers just as they have players.

But in the year of the war such things as jazz orchestrations were unheard of, and I venture to say, even undreamt of. Upon the production of a new piece, all the players would get in mind a general idea of the melody and harmony and those instruments which were not required to "carry" this melody devoted themselves almost entirely to free fantasias, contrapuntal devices, obligatti and the like. Everything was impromptu. The same piece was seldom rendered twice in exactly the same manner by the same orchestra. Each player, in addition to being an accomplished instrumentalist, had also to be an originator and interpreter. Truly a momentous undertaking!

Perhaps the medley of sounds produced by half a score or more of leather-lunged jazz-friends, all rendering to the full extent of the aforesaid lungs each his own version of how the piece should be played, has done much to gain for jazz the name of being strident, vulgar and ugly, and many, too many, are the uninitiated who regard it as such. I must confess, however, that even such a fanatic as I must quite agree that it is perhaps just as well that there are but few records of our earlier attempts at jazz to hand down to posterity. Otherwise, I am afraid that our descendants would surely form but a very poor opinion of the civilization of their twentieth-century ancestors.

In common with a great many other things, the progress of jazz was stayed by that nearly five years of savagery which swept the earth. During the war very, very few improvements were made and we had to wait until after the Armistice for the first jazz orchestration. At this time also did Art Hickman introduce "sweet jazz." It had occurred to his fertile brain that great fanfare and noise were not inseparably connected with the required melody and rhythm, and he continually tried out for more gentle effects—with merited success.

All this time a genius by name of Grofe has been playing as pianist in the famous Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, and, in addition to playing, he had been thinking, thinking deeply. He realized that the time was on hand for jazz to undergo another metamorphosis and set about to assist it.

Already an accomplished musician, he began to study arrangements and the possibilities of the various instruments for solo work, using new combinations to produce more colourful effects. He wrote scores and gave us the jazz-harmony chorus, a notable inovation. The theme was given to the saxophones, supported by sustained chords, played "piano," or softly, on the brass. The rhythm was left almost entirely to the banjo and traps. Strong melodies were given to the solo trumpets and cornets, toned down with a muted sax and trombone accompaniment. All instruments were played from their own special scores, variations being the impromptu embellishments of the individual players.

This system took the jazz-world by storm and is almost universal in its adoption at present. Well has Paul Whiteman been termed the Monarch of Jazz, and as Paul is king, even so is Ferdie Grofe the father!

In closing, I would like to draw your attention to one phase of music which jazz has improved, and improved in addition to giving us one of our greatest pleasures and recreations. Before jazz there was no virtuoso saxophone technique. These instruments were merely used to enrich the harmonic-background. Now they toss off scale passages, arpeggios and even portamento, with reckless ease. The saxophonist had a virgin field to till, and the playing of our leading artists with this instrument shows how thorough was the cultivation. The range of the trumpet and trombone has been expanded immensely, both in possibilities and technique. We must never forget, moreover, that the jazz orchestra represents the highest test of any genuine art—it accomplishes large effects with comparatively small means.

To quote Osgood—"The men who orchestra for the jazz instrumental combination have invented many new colourings of which the legitimate classicist never dreamed. And this is only so because the standard required of the players in a good jazz orchestra is higher than that required of the same kind of instrumentalists in a symphony organization. The best jazz orchestras play with a precision, balance and elasticity, both dynamic and rhythmic, that are rivalled only by such orchestras as the Philadelphia or Boston.

Long live Jazz! May it delight us forever!

THE END

"IF"

(FOR COLLEGE MEN)

We wish to refer you to "A Cantab on Co-Education" in the Oct.-Nov. issue of this Magazine

If you feel when once you've entered College
That you are being caught as by a snare;
If you find you have to say "Hullo" there
Every time you catch a glimpse of shorn-off hair;
If you really can't resist the big temptation
Of asking her to tea three times a week,
You surely must be on the way to failure,
If so strong a sex as yours can be so weak.
If you become "excited or elated,"
Just because someone has talked with you a bit;
If you would let yourself be so conceited
As to feel that you had made—oh such a "hit";
If you find your mind is full of "childish prattle,"
And have not will enough to stay at home,
Then all you need is just a baby's rattle,
For you are only so much flesh and bone.
If you must think about the hours behind you,
By your "hallucination" overcome,
And let those "feline tentacles" so tighten
That underneath their power you succumb;
Remember college life is but a prelude,
Just think what shall you do
When you enter out upon the life before you
Where stronger "devils' traps" will come in view.
But — if you can come to a co-ed college,
Be friends with girls — not act a silly fool,
If these relationships do not depreciate your knowledge,
And frivolous girls can't treat you as a tool;
If you can fill your recreation moments
With harmless tête-à-têtes, and youthful fun,
Yours is the college life and everything that's in it,
And (which is more) you are a man, my son.

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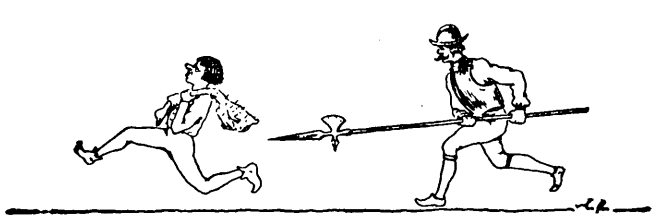


CO-EDUCATION

(*By An Onlooker*)

In this short appendix to a "Cantab on Co-Education," I do not hope to have this called more than appendix , I would like to clear up two points; one in favour of the writer of the article against Co-Education, and the other in favour of Co-Education.

For the benefit of those who felt insulted by the Cantab's article written in the preceeding number of this magazine, the title was "A Cantab on Co-Education," C-a-n-t-a-b being an abbreviation for a graduate of Cambridge University, England. The name should not be confused with C-o-n-f-a-b.

The second point is more lengthy and could be written on in many books (I refuse to indulge.)

Co-Education is not such a bad thing as people are apt to make out. It seems to me that the writer of the first article on this subject was not writing on Co-Education, but on the disadvantages to the men of having ladies in the college, with whom the men may enjoy all the social activities of this institute.

We have not, in the strict sense of the term, Co-Education here; there are a large number of ladies who pursue their own courses of Study, in which they in only three cases have anything to do with the men.

The few men taking the course in teaching do not seem to find the ladies much of a hindrance to their work, and seeing that these men must in their after-profession, deal with other lady teachers, it does not appear to be a mistake to educate men and women together along that line.

The Junior and Senior Administrators of Macdonald take a course or two for one term with Freshmen and Sophomores respectively in Agriculture; the B.H.S. juniors take two courses with the Junior Agriculturists. Surely that is not too much for the least tolerant.

The matter of saying "hello", I'm sure is purely an optional greeting, and it is so informal that it may easily be eliminated from the daily routine, but it ought not to be any more tiresome to say such a greeting to the members of the female sex of one's acquaintance than to members of the male sex of one's acquaintance.

To summarize; there is an unfounded ill-feeling caused by a misunderstanding of the pact that the Cantab is after all only one member of the college and is only giving his opinions on the subject. Furthermore if those who are undergoing a process of Co-Education wish to benefit by it, there is certainly a way, on the other hand let them hold themselves aloof, with upturned noses, from their opposite sex and for evermore hold their peace.

Mixed Feeling in the M. R.

W. F. Gough.

The result of the first experiment in co-education was the raising of Cain. The subsequent results arising from the continuation of the co-educational system have led me to conclude that in choosing the materials for the construction of the first "co-eds," the Creator made a remarkably happy choice.

P. W. Fernau.

Women are man's other half-orange—perfectly advisable in a college provided the man in the case uses his discretion.

R. W. Stuckey.

Women are a very unnecessary feature of a college and deserve no place whatsoever in man's educational routine. Seing they are here, we have to make the best of a bad job and try to effect their improvement by allowing them to accompany us to the various functions,—hence my condescension.

E. T. Bynoe.

I have no time to talk about women—they arn't worth it.

N. Nadir.

Women have a distinct place in man's education. College is the best place to acquire a fundamental knowledge of this profound quantity. In normal cases, co-education is not a hindrance to academic study, and the social advantages enjoyed far offset any minor inconveniences that may arise.

E. Paige.

Refuses to tell us what he thinks. We wonder why ?

E. Erdley.

The presence of women is not advisable in a college. Their influence is too distracting to allow of reasonable application to study. Outside of college—I enjoy their society.

Vic Dawson.

Women are the after-dinner liqueur of man's educational banquet. Like liqueurs, they are to be taken in moderation and enjoyed for their delicacy and superior quality. Like liqueurs also, they are not for inexperienced hands and hearts. I won't commit myself any further.

B. G. Montserin.

Decidedly, the presence of women in a college is not desirable, merely on account of interference with work, sport and other college activities. The few social benefits gained by their presence do not counterbalance these deficits.

N. B. McMaster.

Women——a necessary evil.

J. West.

A Greek philosopher once said. "Woman is a short-lived tyrany." I agree, and the shorter the better:

G. M. Tait.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men!"

The Mistaken Identity

MISS J. WORDEN, *B.H.S.' 28.*

Lord Rodney was feeling very sorry for himself, and who could blame him? He had been riding "Lightning" when, true to its unsavory reputation, said "nag" had deposited him, with more speed than ceremony, upon the hard, unsympathetic soil of a stony bridle-path.

What was more, and worse, his lordship had received, as a result, a bloody nose and a lapse into unconsciousness. . .a most unbecoming state I might add. . . and here was a stranger bending over him and calling upon him, in no uncertain tones, to collect his scattered wits.

Lord Rodney looked up. . . .a most peculiar apparition seemed to be looking at him. . . to his still swimming senses it seemed to consist of very grey eyes and flaming red hair! yet-he reasoned with himself—there **must** be something to this creature besides eyes and hair.

He closed his eyes again and, upon reopening them, was rewarded with the vision of a girl—such a spick and span looking girl she was too—who was gazing at him as if he represented some hitherto undiscovered type of animal. . . .he sincerely wished she might decide soon to what category he belonged since he objected to being stared at so intently.

"Well—do you feel any better?" questioned the girl in matter-of-fact tones.

"I. . . .I think so—"replied Rodney doubtfully. . .dash it all how could a man be certain about anything with those questioning eyes fixed on him.

The owner of the eyes smiled in a relieved manner and continued, looking at him curiously, "why did you let that horse throw you?. . . . can't you ride?"

Rodney looked somewhat taken aback at her last remark—he who had spent most of his life in the saddle.

"Why. . .why. . .why yes of course I can ride"— then in a sudden burst of confidence — "you know Lightning throws anyone quite regardless of his riding ability. . .it's a fact!"

"Which shows how little you know about it!" — retorted the girl — "Lightning" has never yet thrown me and I used to ride him before my father sold him to you!"

Rodney's mouth opened and remained open—so this was Dale Carnis the much lauded girl rider! But that seemed impossible this girl was so small—so soft looking—and yet—

"You are, I presume, Miss Carnis?" he said at last "I am."

"You haven't any idea, I suppose, where my horse has strayed to?"

"I have."

"Huh," thought Rodney, "She's not very talkative. . .an admirable trait in a woman to be sure. . .still I wish she'd say a little more because she really has a very nice voice. . ."

Miss Carnis, smiling in a friendly manner, indicated a field to their left where "Lightning" was placidly nibbling grass—

"I'll catch him for you,"she offered. Not only did she catch him but she also, in deference to Rodney's bruises, which were very numerous, proceeded to ride him giving his lordship her own mount which, however, was by no means as docile as its damaged rider could have wished.

Finally Rodney's ranch was reached. . .the girl exchanged horses with him, promised to ride on the morrow, and waved good-bye.

His lordship, after a tub and a sleep, appeared at dinner little the worse for his tumble. . .his friend, Eric Reford, however, found him strangely silent during the meal.

"I say, old man, why so silent?. . . there wasn't enough sun for you to get sunstroke, so you must be in love again!"

"Eric I'm afraid that, for the first time on record, you're right."

"Rodney you're raving mad.... I'm always right"! "your ill-timed comments on my sanity do not interest me in the least...in fact they bore me intensely."

"Who is your victim this time old fellow?"

"A girl", said Rodney, "whom I met today."

"Where?"

"Really, Eric, this sudden show of vulgar curiosity is quite deplorable." "I asked you where you met her." persisted Eric.

"I was sitting by the side of the bridle path contemplating the beauties of nature and—

"I might have known it" cut in the other in a disgusted voice,"Lightning always manages to throw you!"

Rodney refrained from comment, being, if the truth must be known, smitten speechless with righteous indignation at this most unflattering implication.

Poor Rodney, being of a very susceptible temperament, his affections were always being captured by the local damsels...this time, however, he really was rather "bowled over."

He spent a very uncomfortable evening pacing up and down the verandah trying to work out a satisfactory answer to his problem.

"She's engaged," he kept repeating over and over—"she's engaged to some "Johnny" in England...dash it all I wish I could get hold of him! Even if she was free she probably wouldn't look at me twice...I'm thirty and a widower—well of course Helen isn't exactly dead. .I'm merely divorced from her... but to all intents and purposes I'm a widower. Not only that I am also the possessor of two small sons...true they are small but they're there nevertheless—no—I'm sure a widower with two sons wouldn't appeal to her—" thus Rodney reasoned.

Morning found him still full of doubts and fears—he had spent a rather wakeful night and Eric's usual cheerful demeanor at breakfast had anything but a soothing effect upon his nerves—Eric was **always** cheerful—he jolly well wished he'd be the one to "fall" once in a while.

The girl, on the other hand, having lost no sleep over Rodney, was up bright and early and, having nothing better to do, she decided to go for a solitary canter before breakfast.

As she rode rapidly along one of the numerous bridle-paths she came upon a solemn-eyed little boy who was standing holding the mane of a fat little Shetland pony...he had evidently dismounted and was now unable to regain his seat.

She slapped and smiled at him—

"Want any help youngster?"

The child turned and looked up at her—"Bad pony throwed Teddy off—cut Teddy's knee too"—here he indicated the injured member—then smiling engagingly—

"Lady, please help Teddy up?"

"The Lady" dismounted, lifted him into his saddle...presented his charging steed with a lump of sugar, and asked—

"Where do you live, Teddy?"

"Overthere" — pointing in the general direction of Lord Rodney's ranch—

Miss Carnis loked surprised — somehow she hadn't pictured any small boys at Rodney's.

"I am," continued Teddy proudly "Lord Rodney's littlest boy."

This was indeed news and though, of course, she wasn't the least bit interested in his lordship, still. .well somehow the day didn't seem quite as glorious as it had been.

Her ride with Rodney, that morning, was a painful performance.—He was full of doubts and desire—she had a vaguely resentful feeling every time she thought of Teddy, and he looked so much like Rodney that he was not easy to forget.

At the termination of the agony Lord Rodney asked,—

"Are you going to the Calgary stampede next week?"

"Certainly,"

"I may, perhaps, see you there?"

"Possibly."

"Well godbye until then"—

"Good-bye...Lord Rodney"

"Oh, I say, please omit the Lord," after which daring remark Rodney galloped away and the girl smiled uncertainly to herself.

As all who know the West can testify the "Calgary stampede" is one of its outstanding events....much is won, and lost, in its brief span.

The opening afternoon found Rodney, Eric and the two little boys, Teddy and Ralph, seated in a box just outside the ropes. Suddenly Rodney stiffened visibly.—In bold type, on his programme was printed Dale Carnis' name...she would appear very soon now. Hastily he looked to see what "class" her name was entered for—it was, as he had felt all along, among the "opens" which meant that she stood a good chance of having to ride some bronco fresh from the range.

What if something should happen to her! Poor Rodney's mind was tortured with doubts and fears.

"Really," he thought indignantly, "her father must be a very special brand of idiot to allow her to ride these broncos which seem to be her specialty...if she ever fell under—" he preferred not even to think of such an awful possibility.

The riders entered the compound—there she was in a trim, perfectly tailored outfit.

All one could discern were her flaming curls which peeped out from under her broad brimmed hat.

Poor Rodney spent a bad few minutes watching the antics of her pony who seemed bent upon unseating its young rider, then what he feared most happened!—the girl sailed from the saddle—her foot caught tightly in her stirrup...she rolled under—clouds of sandy dust, rising from beneath the hoofs of the plunging, frightened pony, obscured her from the anxious gaze of the crowd. .it was impossible to see her, yet any plunge might mean her death.

Rodney vaulted the rails-snatched a pony from its startled owner—a minute later his lariat tightened around the neck of the rearing bronc. A little pressure on its wind-pipe sufficed to subdue its mad lashings.

Jumping from his horse be managed, with the help of a nearby cowboy, to free Dales' foot—she had fainted by this time—and, picking her up, he made with all possible speed for the side of the enclosure.

Laying her down on the grass. Rodney, for the first time looked at her closely...it was not the Dale Carnis whom he knew!. It was a new, sunburned Miss Carnis who had opened a pair of frightened blue eyes and was looking at him as if he were a perfect stranger.

"Have I taken leave of my senses?" thought Rodney wildly.

At this moment Mr.Carnis appeared, saw that his daughter was alright, and then turned to thank Rodney who still knelt on the grass.

Looking up at him, his lordship's face suddenly assumed an expression of profound amazement, for there stood **his** Miss Carnis beside her father.

It is to be feared that his lordship's usual politness was conspicuous by absence. He looked perfectly blank and, in answer to a polite introduction, blurted out—

"Oh I say—oh yes, sir, I've met Miss Carnis before," then grasping her arm firmly—"may I take you back to your box?...You must be feeling rather shaky—"

Truth to tell it was Rodney, and not the girl, who was feeling upset, but she, being a good sport, tried to look as "done in" as possible.

She was led, however, not to her box, but to a secluded portion of the grounds where, having deposited her upon a bale of hay, Rodney proceeded thus—

"Well—so you're **not** Dale Carnis after all."

"Did you think I was?"—sweetly.

"Of course—dash it all, what did you think I thought?" Rodney was warming to his subject and continued—

"You little vixen, did you really think I'd have behaved as I have if I'd known you weren't engaged to that English chap — confound him?—do you—

A small hand, placed upon his stopped this flow of eloquence and a frigid little voice broke in—

"Lord Rodney—I fear you are forgetting about your wife."

"My what?"

"There is no earthly use in denying it, your lordship since I have made the acquaintance of.. Teddy—"

Rodney smiled—

"So you've been worrying about my wife?"

She nodded.

"I'm divorced from her!"

The girl gasped audibly.

"I'm the custodian of our two sons, so apparently the law approves of me—and I'm **so** tired of living with a batch of servants and two small boys—"

What would you expect after such a remark?—besides it was a **very** secluded spot.

THE END.

Farm Life in Canada

E. A. LAWRENCE

Before describing the actual life on a Canadian farm it would be as well to make a brief survey of not only the various buildings themselves but also of the rural surroundings, in order that we may understand and appreciate more fully the beauties of farm life.

There is the old time or modern farm house, looking most picturesque amid the flowers and green lawns that surround it, and standing in its precincts are the various barns and stables—to the chance observer it looks a small settlement, set apart from the rest of the world, with the woods and fields for neighbors.

Perhaps in describing the life on a farm the first point that strikes one is the variety of work. So many things come under the scope of the farmer that he has not only to be proficient in the general management of the farm and animals but also in all its minor branches, such as carpentry, painting, and anything else that comes to his attention. There is always something out of the ordinary—a barn to build or a house to paint, and so he finds a new interest from day to day. How different from the monotonous life of the city man who works from year to year behind a counter or a bank desk!

The young man who starts out as a farm-hand has everything to his advantage. The open air and outdoor life not only develop his physical and mental growth to their full extent but also he starts to observe, with a new interest, the growing of crops, the feeding of the animals, and in fact he soon finds that he becomes as much concerned about the progress of the farm as his employer.

The day's work is certainly long but there is so much to do and think about that time slips by unnoticed and when evening arrives the body is just pleasantly tired—many say that the long hours and hard work are apt to make one discontented but then there are always such people in this world and one usually finds that they are discontented with most things they do, no matter what they may be. Contentment, after all, comes from within; it largely depends upon our personal attitude towards the things we do—some things certainly appear hard but if we go at it with a light heart and a smile how much easier they become. Fate then will no longer affect our inner contentment and very soon we find that we are equally willing to do the unpleasant work and the pleasant. What can we wish for more than good health, contentment of mind, and a good healthy open air farm life?

On the other hand the whole day does not only consist of hard work, for when evening arrives there are a great many things that one can do. During the winter the home life is perhaps at its best—neighbors collect at one place and spend a pleasant

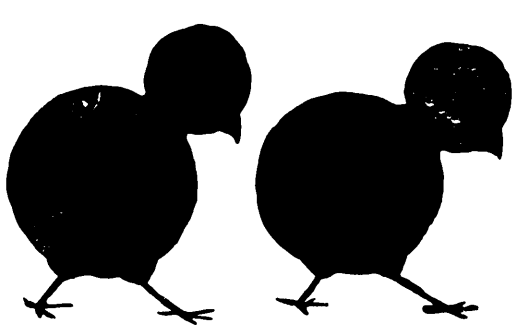
evening together either dancing, playing cards, or doing something to the general amusement of everyone. In the summer when the evenings are long much sport can be found with the gun or fishing rod; woodchucks, rats, skunks, and various other animals make shooting, while trout and pike are frequently found in the rivers. Thus sport and work are mixed and the result is that we grow subconciously perfectly happy and contented with our lot.

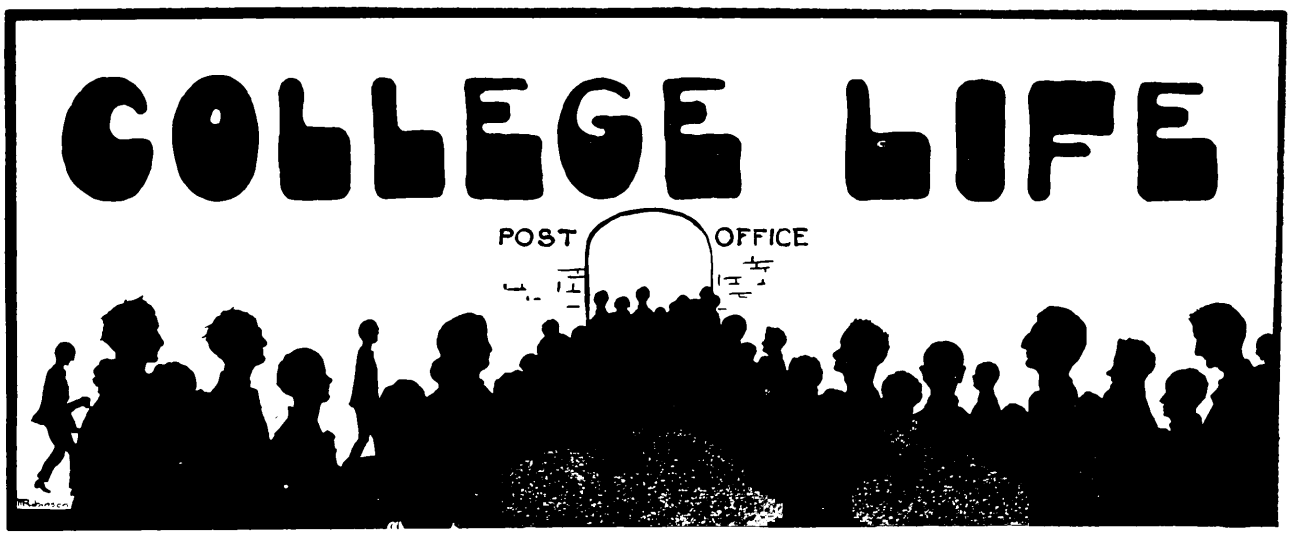
To add to the ordinary routine of the day's events there is always one thing that helps to make the farm worker's life more enjoyable—namely the animals. Could a lover of animals get any closer relationship to them than to be almost always among them? He feeds and waters them, looks after them, tends to their wants, and by degrees he gets to know and understand particular peculiarities of each; if he treats them with kindness it is only a short time before they learn to respect him in every way. R. L. Stevenson relates how Thoreau became so familiar with animals and their language that they would follow him about all day—he could catch fish with his hands and the very beasts would come out of the jungle for his caress.

Farm life in Canada differs from that of the Old Country or elsewhere inasmuch that the kind of work and method of keeping stock is totally different, for owing to the extreme weather conditions the same kind of life is impossible all the year round. At the start of winter the farmer gives practically all his time to the housing of the animals, and then, till late in April, he earns his money either by cutting wood or, as is sometimes the case, by making maple syrup. During the summer months he hustles the whole time in order to provide his live-stock with grain and fodder for the winter. Thus, during the entire year, one might say that he has two distinct phases of work — lumber-jacking or some similar kind of thing in the winter and farming in the summer.

Naturally, as Canada is so large, farming in the various provinces, is governed a great deal by the weather conditions—in the extreme west the climate is advantageous to fruit growing, in the prairie provinces most of the wheat product of Canada is grown, while in the east mixed farming is done on a smaller scale than the west, and one frequently finds farms given entirely to the raising of foxes, dogs and other animals.

Thus, in conclusion, we see that farm life in Canada is of a very varied nature, which perhaps adds to the interest—the emigrant or beginner is welcomed from coast to coast, matters being greatly facilitated by the fact that he is helped and looked after, in most cases, either by the Canadian Government or by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The life is open, free, and full of beauty and to the worker Canada holds some golden opportunities.





THE FIRST FORMAL

Friday, Nov. 18th, witnessed the first Formal Dance of the season.

Despite the rumours that floated across the Campus for a week or so preceeding this "Big Event", suggesting that the latter would be a "washout" since no one had bought tickets —an excellent attendance of over one hundred and fifty couples participated in a very pleasant and enjoyable Dance.

The girl's gym was attractively decorated with red and white to remind us of our Alma Mater—and, while many of the lights were dimly shaded with red and artistically made silhouettes, the windows above were studded with formidable crests, which, at a glance indicated that much care and skill had been applied in the making.

Summoned to the scene of action, happy couples were soon gliding gleefully round the floor accompanied by the melodious syncopations of the six Arcadians.

Endowed with much pep these Jazz-Masters provided some excellent and well rendered numbers, and all due credit is to be extended to the Dance Committee for obtaining the services of this Orchestra.

At eleven o'clock an appetizing supper was tastefully served in the Dining Hall, during which much laughter and mirth swept from table to table.

Now, feeling even more invigorated, the gathering assembled once more in the gym, determined to enjoy the last hours even more than the first.

But all good things come to an end only too soon, and one o'clock arrived with remarkable punctuality to remind everybody that yet an other Formal had come and gone with great success.

How strange, indeed, that at such a highly civilized and cultured institution as Macdonald, a Formal Dance is compelled to close down at an hour when dances, in other places of far less importance, are just about starting up!

Why must such things be?

FRESHMEN — SOPHOMORES DEBATE

The second interclass debate for the Robertson Trophy took place in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday 2nd. February **1927**. The Sophomores, represented by R. Millinchamp and F. B. Fraser were "up against" the Freshmen—R. E. Johnson and E. A. Lawrence. The motion before the House— "that the introduction of machinery has done more harm than good" was supported by the "Sophs" and opposed by the "Frosh." The four speeches were indeed creditably delivered and won the deep interest of the audience. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the speeches was the contrast between the timely humour of Fraser's speech and the rather grave aspect of Lawrence's.

The Judges who, no doubt, had quite a task in making their decision finally announced the "Freshmen" as winners by a narrow margin.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

A very little introspection is sufficient to show how large a part of our time is spent in acting. Most of us have a more or less hazy idea as to what we should be like, and kind hearted people call this nebulous conception an ideal. There are a number of assorted patterns or models upon which youth is instructed to mould itself, and these models or national heroes are scrutinised and regularly revised by anxious parents and serious educators. It is greatly to be deplored that youth so frequently pays outward homage to national heroes like Sir Galahad and Henry Ford, and passionately worship Babe Ruth in secret. This is the beginning of the acting which is continued with more or less success throughout life.

In Macdonald College there is a vast store of histrionic ability which is not being used to the best advantage. Instead of contributing to the entertainment of the whole college, it is very frequently simply directed to the amusement of one single member of the opposite sex. It is true that occasionally the whole College does derive a certain amount of amusement, but this is an indirect, unforeseen and unconscious effect.

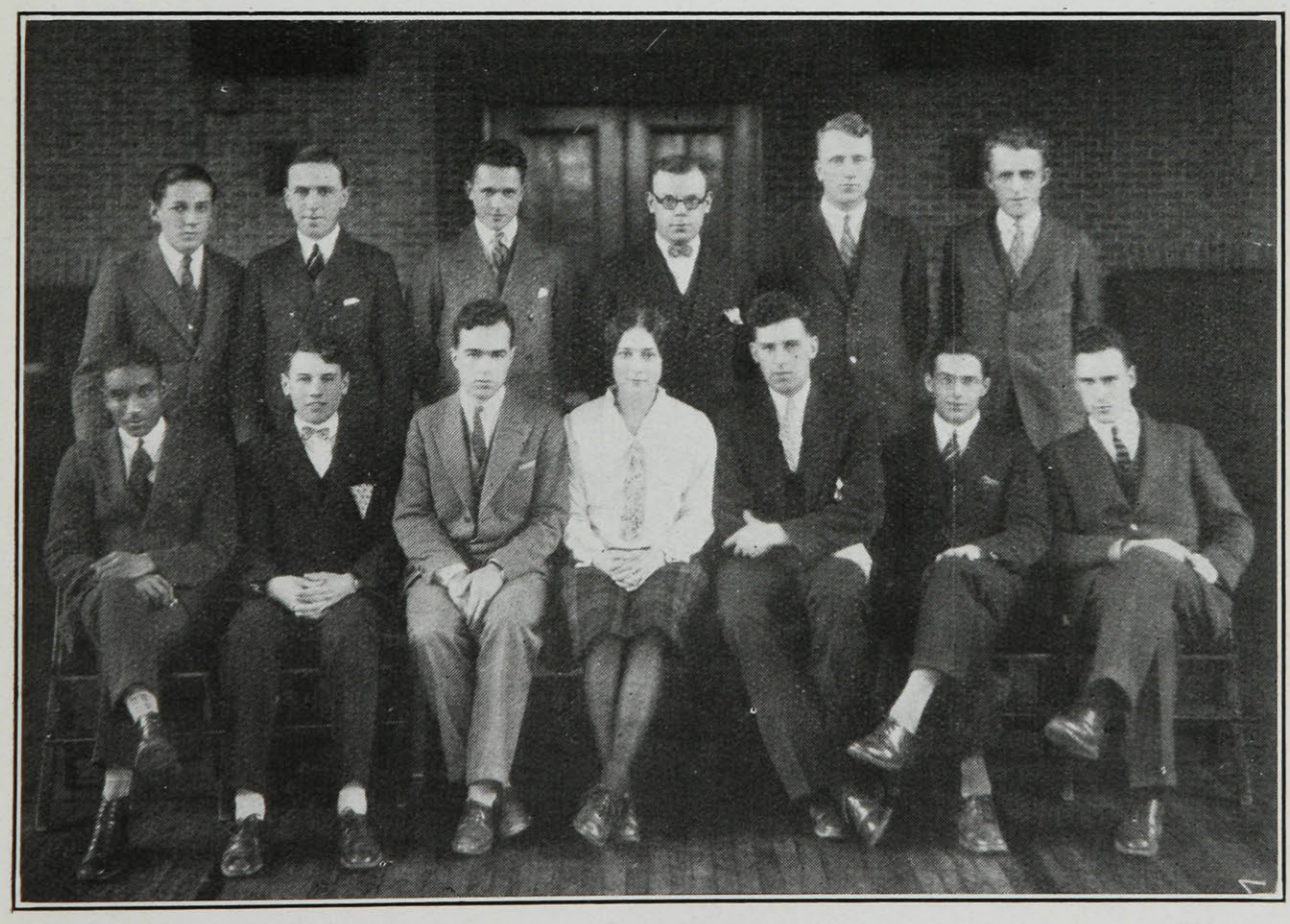
An audience of one; a stage which simply consists of a corner of the foyer or a nook at the Hudson Bay House; these are not the best conditions under which comedy or tragedy can be played, yet it flourishes in spite of the difficulties. It might be argued from this that the College should provide more facilities for the development of individualism in the Drama, but we must be true to our democratic principle, "The greatest good for the greatest number."

The Players Club exists to nurture dramatic art and is a means whereby the passionate soul of the student can become articulate to a larger audience than one. It should receive better support from the student body. A good play, well acted, not only provides pleasure for a large number, but develops the style and exercises the spirit of the actors.

The Club deserves great praise for their recent presentation of "Lady Windermere's Fan," not only for the choice of play but also for the excellent manner in which it was produced. It is not generally realised how much the success of a play depends upon the labours of people who never appear on the stage, and great credit is due to Mr. Gough for his able direction.

It must be stated at the outset that it is the general opinion that the play was well done, the acting being better than one had expected,

POST GRADS.



SOPHOMORES.

THE HOMEMAKERS.

FALL SHORT COURSE TEACHERS.

taking into account the difficulty of the play. But it is the duty of a critic to criticise, not in a destructive spirit but rather as a friendly helper with the welfare of the Club at heart. The most outstanding fault was that the lines were spoken too rapidly, and frequently spoken with the back to the audience. The very poor acoustical properties of the Assembly Hall must always be borne in mind by those who speak upon the stage. A slower delivery combined with a more careful enunciation would add greatly to the excellence of the effect.

The part of Mrs. Erlynne is an extremely difficult one and perhaps calls for a higher degree of sophistication than has yet been achieved by any student of the College. Miss Worden was given a difficult rôle which she filled very creditably. Lady Windermere is a type of woman, similar one would imagine to many of the girls in the Women's Residence and consequently not quite so difficult to portray. Miss Scott gave a pleasing representation of Lady Windermere, successfully avoiding the danger of over emphasis of the emotional. Miss Saberton was amusing as the Duchess of Berwick, and as her silent daughter Agatha, Miss Fraser, as usual, looked charming. It is to be hoped that at some future date we shall have the pleasure of seeing the other ladies of the cast in some play which provides more opportunity for the exercise of their obvious talent.

The chief impression produced during the third act was one of wonder as to how and when the necessary experience had been acquired which enabled those young men to give such a faithful representation of the blasé man-about-town. With the exception of a rather niggardly treatment of a decanter by Lord Darlington, the scene was startling in its fidelity to life. Mr. Lawrence as Lord Darlington was decidedly good, combining both virtues of restraint and naturalness. One wonders how Lady Windermere could ever have misunderstood the motives of such a husband as Mr. McMaster, for he was the very embodiment of moral rectitude and was terrible in his righteous anger, when he discovered an apparent laxity in the conduct of the fascinating Mrs. Erlynne.

Dumby was quite a gem and we hope to see Mr. Fernau on the stage again very soon. Mr. Eaves as Lord Augustus Lorton and Mr. West as Cecil Graham were very good indeed as also were the other members of the cast.

The Club should find ample reward and encouragement in the keen appreciation of the large and enthusiastic audience which filled the Assembly Hall. All wait with great anticipation for the next play and hope it will come soon.

Ed. Note:—We are indebted to a member of the Bachelors' Club for this very excellent criticism. The author made a special request that his name be omitted (through natural modesty, we presume,) but we join with him in wishing for an early repetition of the last play's high standard of performance.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Caustic, corrective, contemplative and current comment.

We offer Miss Burrows our heartiest congratulations on the success of her recent efforts to improve the food situation at the college. May we hope for a maintenance of the standard when established? Congratulations also go out to the enlightened and hospitable students of the college who did their best to make the McGill O. T. C. fellows feel so much at home on the occasion of their first entrance into the dining hall last term. O tempora! O mores!

The Christians, have gone. We may not make a parade of our religion but after seeing the S. C. M. representation of the Deity clothed in a sheet and crowned with a cardboard crown, enthroned on a step-ladder playing poker with a backwoodsman, our opinion is that we are perhaps no worse than those who earnestly and openly protest their Christianity.

We can definitely assure the staff that the Winter Course was not responsible for the Great War, the murder at St. Henri, or the Chinese trouble.

We observe, with regret, the necessity of posting a notice re the plugging up of the swimming tank drains. There appears to be a peculiar correlation between the failure to take shower baths before entering the tank and the condition of the drains. Obviously even in this enlightened institution cleanliness plays a bad second fiddle to Godliness.

And while on this topic, may we suggest that the people who wash their feet in the lavatory basins kindly remember to take off their socks before doing so.

"Honour among thieves" is, we believe, a slogan that still finds exponents. Yet the Girls' Residence House Committee seems to be divided into two factions, of which the lesser represents the Teachers. Is the same justice, we wonder, meted out to the Teachers even to Teacher members of the House Committee and to the Household Science students? What we have heard has led us to doubt it.

With reference to House Committees. Some House Committees appear to have the faculty of indulging in heavy and dreamless slumbers. They must be fortunate in possessing easy consciences!

We have wondered whether the standard of intelligence of some students is sufficiently high to justify their inclusion in the ranks of Macdonald College students. Some persons who might, by application and diligence, raise themselves to the intellectual standard off morons appear to delight in playing odd "games" between the hours of **12.00** p. m. and **1.30** a. m. May we suggest that in future when the urge to romp is irresistible, they seriously consider the suggestion that "Ring, a Ring o! Roses", besides being a game eminently suited to their mentality, has the added advantage of being a game which will not keep the vast majority of students in a state of sulphurous sleeplessness.

Strange though it may seem, various public men in what might be considered the "upper stratum," appear to be abysmally ignorant of one of the country's coming industries. We refer more specifically to the canning industry.

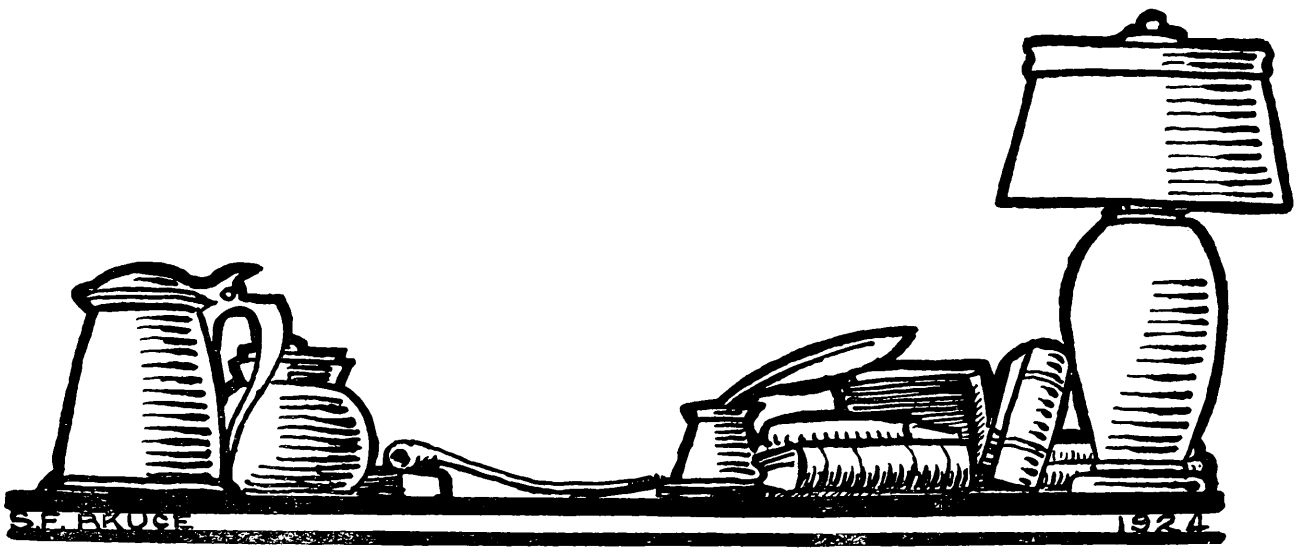
That the primitive strain is still in evidence, even among college students, is exemplified by their inability to give a college yell without the accompaniment of the tom-tom. At times it is rather hard to say whether the sound which tortures our tympani is a circus parade passing or a regiment marking time.

Strange though it may seem, we have amongst us those with peculiar affinities for other people's property. We can understand one's swiping an Eversharp, or even a pyjama jacket, but since we were informed that hair brushes are included in the list of articles "collected," we have taken out an insurance policy on our toothbrush.

To-day's sophisticated crevice:—"Even a cork, properly scented, will give some people a kick."

So will our strawberry jam.

And now the measles. We fail to find even the remotest suggestion of logic in the reasons for depriving the long-suffering students of their Saturday night dances, while at the same time permitting them to assemble for a sing-song or a play-reading. It is strange that the room-mates of those infected should be allowed to wander about at will to infect others. We do not feel called upon to allow ourselves to become breeding grounds for measles over the next three months or more merely because the medical authorities will not take the proper precautions. We would rather have our measles now and get over them. This is the first time in our experience, and though we are of tender years we claim to have had some experience, that suspects have been allowed their liberty during the incubation period. And what of the teachers who will be going into Montreal on Wednesdays to teach young children?



Under The Desk Lamp

The Editor,

Macdonald College Magazine.

Dear Sir:

I have recently been honoured by the celebrated Lucullus Jr., renowned investigator, who has allowed me to collaborate with him in his researches into the various realms of science.

Our enquiries in the field of dietetics have resulted in the discovery of remarkable facts regarding the longevity of certain historical and classical figures. The evidence adduced suggests that not only have these figures withstood the ravages of the centuries, but that they have, like the Phoenix, risen again from the ashes of time, resuming their full significance. We also find that they have been elevated to the board of an educational institution in Eastern Canada, an honour in itself.

Lucullus Jr., distinguished epicure, aided by the writer, who has achieved universal fame as a neo-dietian, have succeeded in identifying no less than ten of these hitherto legendary figures of classical and historical literature.

An attempt to set a calorific value to the items appended herewith was a failure, the experimental animals unfortunately proving very delicate. They all succumbed, in fact, after one inter-oesophageal injection. The items fully identified are:—

1. Herculean Game Pie.*
2. Adam's Apple
3. Pegasus
4. Cerberus and progeny.
5. The Pipes of Pan.
6. The Two Small Fishes.
7. Resurrection Pie.
8. Columbus' Egg.
9. Koch's Gelatine.
10. The first Massey-Harris

***Footnote.** There has been some doubt expressed as to the authenticity of the game pie. Of the two schools of thought, however, the more weighty one considers that since the pie possesses certain attributes of strength which appear to be closely allied with the remarkable physical powers of Hercules, it is but an act of grace to link the pie with this famous individual. It has therefore been identified as Pie, Game, (Herculean).

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

Walter F Grubb, B.V.D., R.S.V.P.

Faculty Items

Dr. B. T. Dickson attended the Philadelphia meeting of the A. A. A. S. December **27-30**th.

Prof. J. G. Coulson and Mr. T. C. Vanterpool attended the Guelph meeting of the Canadian Plant Pathologists December **21-22**.

Prof. W. A. Maw has been appointed Chairman of the Membership Committee for the World's Poultry Congress which is to be held in Ottawa July **27**th. to August **4**th.

Prof. W. A. Maw addressed the Lachute Farmers' Club and Women's Institute at St. Andrews East on Thursday February **3**rd, the subject being, "The Possibilities of Poultry Production in Quebec."

Former members of the staff of the School of Household Science who are continuing their studies this year are: Miss Ethel Campbell at Columbia University and Miss Simpson at the University of Chicago.

Miss F. M. Jarvis, formerly Superintendent of the Quebec Women's Institutes, has accepted a position in charge of the dining department at Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

Mr. W. A. Delong, M. Sc., Assistant in Chemistry, has resigned to accept an assistantship in the University of Minnesota where he is continuing his course for the degree of Ph. D.

Agricultural Alumni

ASSOCIATION.

THE EXECUTIVE

A meeting of the General Council of the Alumni Association was held in Montreal in November at the time of the "Apple Show." Those in attendance were, L. C. Raymond, President, Emile A. Lods, General-Secretary, F. Grindley '11, M. B. Davies '**12**, E. M. Duporte '**13**, L. C. MacOuat '**15**, C. Morris '**17**, G. E. McMahon (for R. J. M. Reid '**18**) and J. W. Graham (for R. Templeton '**22**).

The business of most general interest was that of the appointment of the Executive Committee which is now composed of the President, the General-Secretary, L. C. MacOuat '**15**, J. H. MacOuat '**16**, and A. R. Jones '**21**.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wm. Brittain '11 has been appointed Professor of Zoology and Entomology to succeed Professor Lochhead. Apparently Bill had a very interesting time on his trip to Europe, Northern

Africa and Asia. He came back with some good stories. When you see him ask him about the New York Jew's impression of the "land flowing with milk and honey," and the anecdote of "The Enzyme in Ceylon."

Chas. Russel '15 and Mrs. Russel, a Macdonald Girl, visited the college last summer on the occasion of the Kiwanis Convention held in Montreal. Russel is principal of the State Normal School at Westfield, Mass. He has presented the college library with a copy of his book, "Class-room Tests."

We received a letter from Charles Wilcox '19 in the fall containing the information that he and Mrs. Wilcox were starting on a trip to the British Isles, France, and the Island of Guernsey. The itinerary of the trip is easily understood, as his wife comes from the British Isles, he saw active service in France, and he is a breeder of Guernseys. He inquired as to the addresses of the Mac. Grads. who were located in Great Britain. We hope that he found them all.

Russel Derick '20 visited the college when East on his holidays.

The address of Arthur Milne '21 is Assistant Superintendent of Immigration, Canadian National Railways, Cockspur Street, London, S. W. 1.

Dorothy Newton '21 is acting lecturer in Botany in the University of Manitoba.

H.K. Bates '22 visited the college early in the fall. He is located in Restigouche County, N.B., where he is developing a prosperous potato business, both as grower and dealer. He was quite enthusiastic over the prospects in his specialty.

R. R. McKibbin '23, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Maryland last year and is now Assistant Professor of Soils at that institution. He is the first Ph. D. in Class '23.

R. L. Wurtzburger '23 is with the International Harvester Co. of America. His address is 655 Taylor Avenue, Elmhurst, Ill.

J. D. Lanthier '25, is with Farm and Dairy, Peterboro, Ont.

S. W. Hetherington '25 is with the Department of Chemistry of the Rhode Island State College.

The address of W. Brooks Hamilton is Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

G. E. Hunt '25 is a graduate student in the Animal Husbandry at the Iowa State College.

R. L. Cooper '25 is taking graduate work in plant pathology in the Department of Botany of the University of Toronto.

Miss G. M. Russell and C. Perreault, both of Class '25, are graduate students at Macdonald College.

The Memorial Scholarship granted by the Alumni Association is held by C. R. Mitchell '24 for the year 1926-27. Mitchell is taking graduate work in the chemistry department at Macdonald College.

MATRIMONY

As usual matrimony has claimed a number of graduates during the past few months.

J. V. Stevens '23 and Miss Edith Chute of Berwick, N. S. were married in June last.

In September S. Boily '22 and Miss L. Lessard were married in Sherbrooke. Boily still has his famous smile.

In the same month Campbell Morris '17 and Miss Catherine MacOuat of Ste. Andrews East were married. Mrs. Morris is a Macdonald Girl. On

arrival at our hotel where we spent our holidays last September we met Mr. and Mrs. Morris who were staying at the same place for their wedding trip.

On the last day of these holidays we saw a red-faced trim-looking man motor up to the hotel. It was J. Buckland on his way to Waterloo where his marriage with Miss Alice Robinson was to take place. From 'phone messages it was found that he had motored from Richford, Vt. to Knowlton in forty minutes. Jack had no intention of being late. Buckland is with the Atlas Plywood Corporation at Richford, Vt.

The best wishes of the Alumni Association go to the newly weds.

Signs of Spring

The Crisis

MISS E. TOWEL, *TCHR.' 29*

Out of the past I recall a horrified moment. It was the day of teaching in the city. I heard my roommate moving stealthily about the room in the darkness. It was no use. Try as she might to be quiet I could not sleep. I knew that it was far too early to get up. She knew it too, yet she was up and from the nature of the sounds I judged that she had almost completed her toilet. I decided to get up.

"Are the lights on?"

"Don't you suppose they would be if they were?"

With this intelligent conversation we broke the silence of the darkness. I groped for my clothes. The succeeding conversation need not be related. When I was half dressed I heard hurrying footsteps in the hallway— the others were going down to breakfast. Oh, what would I do? Suppose I missed the train? Perhaps they had finished breakfast and were already going for the train. The Dean?

About two minutes afterwards my roommate and I arrived downstairs, hat and coat on all ready to catch the train. The light was a little better outside and we began to walk up. With breathless excited little exclamations we speculated as to the results of the day's teaching. At last we arrived at the station. Minutes—hours passed. Eventually the train arrived. Two things simultaneously startled me into mental activity. The sharp whistle of the train and the sharp cry of a friend.

"Eileen, look at your stockings."

I looked' My heart sank-sank-sank' It went down-down past the fateful stockings, right down to my boots and stayed there a crushed, heavy, beating burden.

One stocking was a bright pink while the other was a dark fawn.

The English Drama

JEAN G. WORDEN

The drama — what a wealth of romance the very word conjures up — yet today, when we have all the wealth of ages of dramatists behind us, we really delve so lightly, so superficially into its pages, that it is only a small percentage of the people of the world who have ever tasted its magic.

That it is so little read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the youth, not to mention the age, of today, is to be deplored—Mr. Bynoe, in his speech on "Are Plays Interesting To Read?" was, I fear, on the right track when he asserted that the lack of interest, displayed today in reading plays, was largely due to the tax upon the imagination and intellect of the reader which such perusals would entail — it is remarkable what sluggish, stodgy minds many of us must possess.

This "child of the Church" was born in the eighth century only to be disowned by its parent four centuries later.

The play idea started when little figures, made of wax and clay, were fashioned to represent scenes from the Old Testament and were shown on feast days and similar occasions, to the common people, in order to teach them, for they could neither read nor write.

These figures, however, were soon disposed of and men, of the clergy, performed little playlets, in the Church precincts, depicting Old Testament stories — to these the name "Mystery Plays" was given.

Having exhausted the possibilities of the Old Testament the new with its lives of the Apostles was drawn upon—this type of play was known as a "Miracle Play"—by this time, too, laymen were assisting the clergy the acting of the various scenes.

The end of the eleventh century saw the banishment of the plays from the Church due to an element of "horse-play" and rough humor which was fast dominating them and for the next two hundred years plays were dammed by the clergy—this practice is still persisted in, by some of the more narrow minded of our preachers, today.

Thus it came about that the Guilds took over the "Mystery" and "Miracle" plays which they performed on Church holidays—a very favorite time was "Passion Week"—during this period the various Guilds would mount their stages on wagons and perform their plays in the streets going from corner to corner — in this manner whole circuits of plays were produced.

These plays, however, had changed greatly since their church days and Satan had degenerated into a comic character, while comic interludes, if such they may be called, were introduced into all the scenes.

Even these changes, however, did not satisfy the people who were ready for a new type of play — hence the "Morality" plays came into being —

In these "Morality" plays the vices and the virtues were personified — "Everyman" is a classic example of this influence since its characters are all possessed with allegorical names — this influence is felt in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" — a book which was written at a very much later date.

Comic interludes, by the beginning of the sixteenth century, were being given at weddings, fêtes, etc. and out of these grew the Masques of Ben Jonson and the Musical Comidies of our own time — these were light little pieces introducing songs, dances, etc — Milton, that great

Cromwellian poet, like his contemporary Bunyan, borrowed from this period — he wrote a very famous masque called "Comus" — this is an interesting piece of work and, like most of the blind poet's work, is well worth reading.

With the reign of Elizabeth, in the middle of this century, English drama soared to great heights and great men vied with each other in the production of dramatic works fated to live for centuries — who, with any education at all, has not heard of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Marlowe, of Ben Jonson, Lyly,— need I add that immortal name of Will Shakespeare to this list—we all, at least, know **his** name.

At this time, too, companies of players, under the patronage of great noblemen, were growing up. These strolling players used to give their performances in the inn yards and so when, in **1576**, the first theatre was built it was made to resemble the forementioned yards as much as possible. The reign of Charles II brought with it many changes — among them the acting of women's parts by women—up to this time young boys had taken these parts.

This was, however, the most corrupt period of the English drama; and how can we wonder at this for the Puritan influence which had so long held sway was suddenly banished — a reaction was bound to set in —

With the corrupt state of the court and the drama came the plays of Dryden and of Congreve — brilliant, cutting, wicked, if I may use a much abused word, plays — to draw a veil over this licentious period is only decent.

It was not until Goldsmith with "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good Natured Man" and Sheridan with "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" that comedy and virtue were reunited — I have not read "The Good Natured Man" but I can recommend the other three comedies as examples of harmless, entertaining, extremely amusing plays of the eighteenth century.

It is, perhaps, only the natural thing for the twentieth century to produce some great plays since the nineteenth, with the exception of one of two great dramas, was quite unproductive.

Ibsen is the first of the "moderns" — he is a realist of outstanding merit whose work, however, fails to appeal to my feeble intellect.

G. B. Shaw, that biting satirist, is proudly claimed by this our own century, and by "St. Joan" he has proved himself worthy to rank with Shakespeare himself.

I think, too, Oscar Wilde, deserves mention — he is good in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and his "Duchess of Padua" is very interesting, quite apart from the plot itself, in that it sounds in places as if Wilde were "borrowing" from "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth"

Today there are many short plays being produced which are very interesting to read as well as to act — Rachel Crothers has, I think, proved herself worthy of note in this line of play writing —her "He and she" as well as several others, is very well worth reading.

In conclusion I should like to express a hope that the interest in the drama may increase throughout the whole world because it is a practice which once begun lures one on and on to — "fresh woods. And pastures new."

STUDENTS' BOOK SHELF

"The Jesuit Relations," edited by Edna Kenton.

"Life on a Mediaeval Barony," by W. S. Davis.

"Oxford Book of English Prose" by Quiller-Couch.

"On the Art of Reading" by Quiller-Couch.

"On the Art of Writing" " "

"Studies in Literature" " "

The present reviewer, when an undergraduate, determined on a book a month as the minimum addition to his library after graduation. He has often exceeded but never fallen below this limit. Elbert Hubbard's decision that a half loaf with a hyacinth for his soul rather than the full loaf without the flower is no mere sentimentality. A young woman in the former Intermediate Class volunteered the information that she had something better to do with her money than waste it on books?

Try the book a month plan.

The Jesuit Relations, reports and letters, journals and records of the indomitable and indefatigable Jesuit missionaries and explorers of New France, are the raw material of both history and romance. But the dozens of volumes in 17th. century French might well daunt the general reader. Here is the very heart of those records in a beautiful volume, Both beautifully printed and translated. The publishers are A. O. Boni, and the price is cheap at five dollars.

It is the record of the high heart of devotion to an ideal and to duty, of hair-breadth escape and picturesque voyages, of the beginning of a conquest of a continent. No English speaking Canadian who is apt to magnify Anglo-Saxon qualities and achievements but who has the quality of sympathetic imagination can afford to miss this graphic story of the French Catholic Canada of the past.

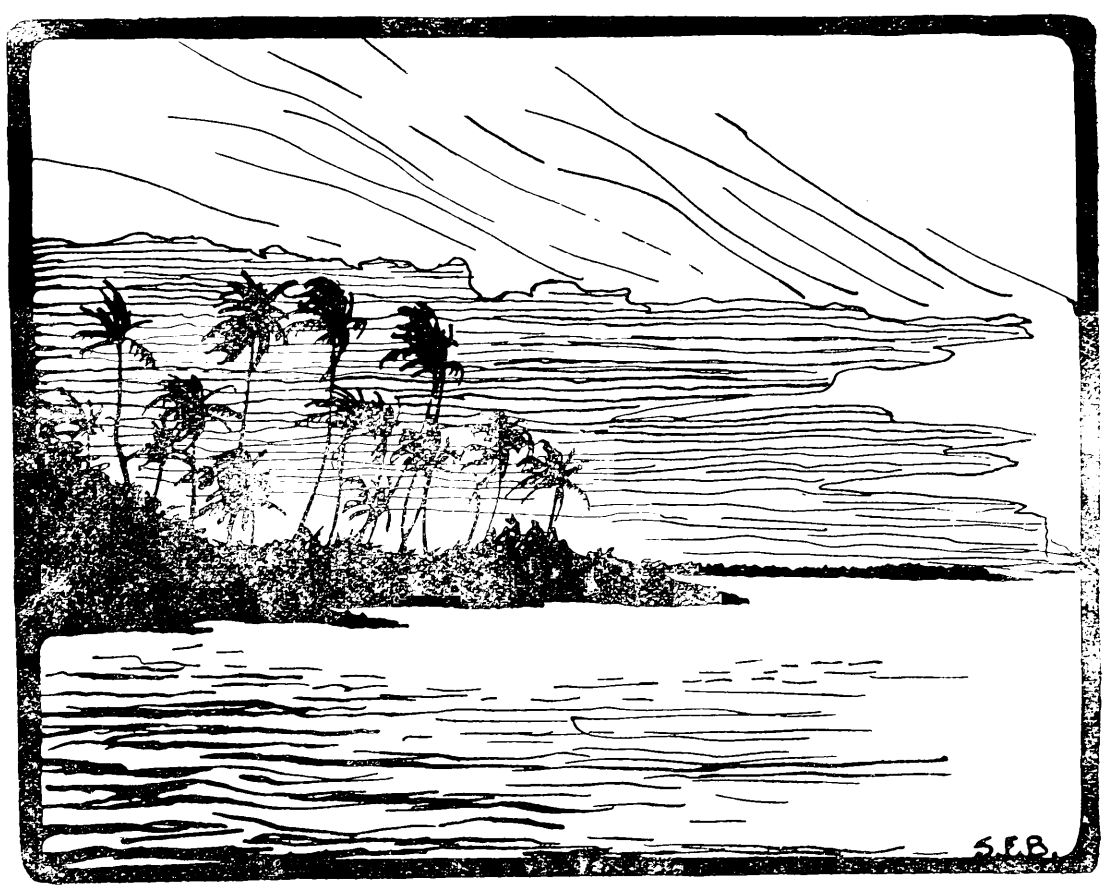
The thirteenth century in Europe saw Mediaevalism at its height and best. It was the century of Dante and of Gothic Architecture, of the rebirth of art and the drama, of feudalism and chivalry. In this book, Professor Davis takes a typical barony of mediaeval France about the year 1220. In story form we learn of the castle and the daily life of its inmates; we see the demesne and the peasantry in the village; the craftsmanship of the town and the life in the monastery. It is doubtful if any student would willingly drop the book after the first few pages were begun. It is history as it should be written, vitalized and interpreted by an excellent historian who can write adequate English.

English prose from about the year 1400 to the present time develops before our eyes in this book. Processes, development and growth are always interesting, giving evidence of energy and of life. But the pieces of prose are valuable in themselves in their vigor, humor, or beauty of phrase. It will make an admirable bed-book or, in the India paper edition, a train-book.

The three little volumes by Quiller-Couch are a joy. Read the essays on Patriotism in English Literature Commerce of Thought, Jargon (who will believe thereafter that L—G. really has a message ?) English

Literature in our Universities, On Reading the Bible.

The books are pleasing in appearance and well printed, with the salt of wit and the meat of thought, beauty of phrase and strength of argument. They stand the test of frequent reading.



Farm Electricity

A Plan For Bringing Farm And Power Together

Although it represents at least **35,000,000** people and a fifty-eight billion dollars investment, farming is the only industry which still uses the methods of a century ago while all other industries are keeping pace with invention and progress. Tariffs, cooperative societies and other measures by themselves offer no lasting solution, and the modernization of the farming industry by making cheap electric power available seems the necessary underlying remedy. To finance this tremendous project, in which the highways for electricity would alone cost about six billion dollars, it is suggested as one possibility, the issuance of tax exempt securities for rural electrification under some authority such as state public service commission, and the whole hearted cooperation of farmers, the public, and the electric utilities would go far toward solving the problem.

Referring to the cost of transmission line construction, the complete electrification would probably increase the value of farm property more than ten percent. The work could be extended over a period of five or ten years, and handled in a manner similar to the construction or reconstruction of roads, on which a billion dollars is now being expended annually.

The solution of the problem is of paramount importance in the social and economic life of the nation. With ample power, life and work on the farm would become more attractive, possibly supremely attactive compared with many other activities; the supply of food of all kinds would be more efficiently obtained, the value of farm realty would be increased, net farm income and profits would be enhanced, and the cost of food might be ultimately reduced; farm effort would be accompanied by great-

er certainty of results in production, and the individual, as well as the ground, would be protected in many respects against retarding and destructive agencies.

There are now **6,372,263** farms in the United States. About **450,000** of these or **7.1** per cent have electric service or other mechanical power; **225,000** of this number, only **3.5** per cent of the total, are connected with electrical central stations, more than **96** per cent being without central power plant service.

There would seem little question that electric power available on every farm would enormously enhance farm values of the entire country. Were this increase in value but slightly more than **10** percent a (**40** percent increase has been recently quoted in an actual instance in the state of Alabama) the entire estimated cost of highway electrification, **$6,000,000,000**, would be offset in farm value increments alone.

The provision of electrical highways is but part of the problem. At one end is the electrification of the farm, at the other, the provision of adequate electrical power, either from additions to existing, or the erection of new generating plants. With the electrification of the highways, however, neither of these problems, while representing enormous aggregates of value, seems to present insurmountable difficulties.

Assuming an average cost of **$750** for the preliminary electrification of each farm, the total expenditure for this purpose would be **$4,750,000,000**. This could undoubtedly be financed directly or indirectly by the farmers themselves, exactly as other consumers of electric current finance their electrical equipment, the present expenditure for which, on the consumer alone, is approximately **$2,000,000,000** yearly. Perhaps some form of deferred payments would be necessary, as in purchasing automobiles, and in other forms of merchandising. This would seem to present no serious problem, for the farmer as a group is outstanding for honesty and integrity, and can be relied upon to meet any obligations he may assume.

With the exception of the very small percentage of farms where power is already available, farmers, their wives and children, face poor, inconvenient lighting; pumping water by hand; hand grinding of food for animals; milking; sawing wood; churning; and a score of other daily tasks all demanding monotonous and exhausting work, which in almost every other industry is performed by power—cheap, abundant convenient power, requiring only the controlling hand and mind. Such conditions cause widespread discontent and unhappiness, and the desire to get away from every form of farm life.

National as well as individual welfare require that these conditions now so inherently a part of farm life shall be eliminated to the utmost degree at the earliest possible moment. The problem of the farmer is the problem of the nation.

Ed. Note:—The foregoing article is an abstract from a speech delivered before the American Academy of Political Science, New York City.

Mr. A. Williams, the speaker, is vice president-commercial relations of the New York Edison Company, and is also an acknowledged authority on electrical utility projects. We are

indebted to another officer of the same company for the brochure and other matter from which we made the abstract, and are very regretful that lack of space prevents us from editing the complete article.

Much of what pertains to American Agriculture also is applicable to Canadian conditions, and we think this excellent article will prove of great interest to those who realize how greatly Canada has been blessed by her immense potentialities along the lines of cheap hydro-electrical power.

I Graduated

STEVE WALFORD, *AG.' 26*

Nay, nay, children, I refer not to that day last spring when, arrayed in rented not borrowed finery, nervous and horribly self-conscious, I stepped before Sir Arthur, following closely the printed directions of the programme and heard him utter, "I admit you to this degree." That happened in the normal sequence of events following my enrolment at Macdonald with a vague idea that I wanted to be a farmer. That graduation I've tried to forget, except on rare occasions, when as I sit back with my rubber-booted feet on the bunkhouse table, I amuse myself with the thought whilst waiting for "my man Friday" to help me clean chicken-houses.

I'm thinking now of a more recent graduation — this time arrayed in overalls and khaki shirt, red handkerchief, and I believe I wore socks that day. In short, I was dressed in my own clothes, sane, sober, and perfectly at ease. I deliberately, and with due aforethought, entered the local Studebaker Sales on Pratt Street and within half an hour had graduated into "THE CAR CLASS"—the "**used car class**"—minus the remainder of a month's pay and with the next month's cheque pledged in full.

And it was a beaut—ONCE—Cleveland Touring **1921** Model, four wheels, brakes, the two rear tires almost new And power ! ! ! "say, buddy, just watch her walk up East Main in high! How's that for pep? Now look back and see what you've come up." It **had** looked like a real climb and no cars had passed us on the way up—there were no others going the same direction at the time. True there were nine inches of play in the steering wheel, the starter rolled over complainingly, the gears shifted as quietly as a concrete mixer, and the spare tire was noticeably absent. But those few defects and a whole family of mysterious knocks, squeaks and rattles are nothing to daunt a fellow who craves to go a whole lot of places, and get there in a hurry.

That was Friday, and by Saturday night I had the horn and lights working, so that when I had locked in my chicks at night I was all ready to start out for Storrs, fifty miles away, to display my treasure to my brother Ed.

The trip took only four and a half hours. Now don't get out your slide rules and tell me I averaged **11.1** miles per hour—covered half the State of Connecticut that night, and have been travelling yet, had I not met an accommodating "night-hawk" who was going toward C. A. C., and who led the way from Coventry. It really surprised me that a car that had spent so long on the local highways could miss the turnings so often, particularly after my telling it clearly before we left" 'The Shakes 'frathouse, Conn. Ag. College, Storrs; and you don't get a drop of water, gas or oil until you land me there!" Now; no matter where I travel, I see some building, crossroad or signpost that

I passed that night while making uncalled-for detours.

When Brother Ed saw my Ark he laughed long and pitilessly, and never took it seriously until Sunday afternoon returning from Willimantic in a drizzle, when the old bus took Spring Hill in high. Then his mind began working and within two weeks I bade them both Godspeed on a trip to Montreal.

In kindness, we'll draw a curtain on those **2000** miles which he covered during his month's vacation. He brought back almost a new car, and swore frightfully that his hands hadn't been clean since leaving.

For a couple of weeks it stood out in front of the bunkhouse with a little list to port (you can ask Vic. Dawson what that means), avoided in much the same manner as a horse which has killed his rider.

Then as time obliterated Ed's tales of its pranks on the trip home, I began to take it around with me here and there, finally risking a voyage to Kingston R. I. to visit my ex-ex-wife, Stan Hetherington. And it behaved beautifully both going and returning. Consequently the following week-end Ed dropped in on his way to the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Mass., and when Boss generously offered to do my Range work for me, we threw all caution aside and took to the road, in clothes befitting the occasion, and with just sufficient finance to cover the readily foreseen demands.

It was a glorious day. Everything urged action. The mild sunlight, the bracing breeze, the good roads, all said "Step on it!" and we did. Passed every car we caught up to on the way to Hartford, and then—a rhythmic bump-bump-bump made us pull into the curb on the bridge to East Hartford, and smilingly, we changed the inner tube on the left front. The spare ,of course, was just an ornament.

Still smilling we continued. The roads were beginning to shimmer as the sun warmed up to its job, so we let anything but a Ford pass us—we were playing safe. Swinging onto the Hartford-Springfield road, the Ark began to steer awkwardly and the replacement tube obligingly "passed out" just opposite a tire shop. Six patches put our complete set of inner tubes in excellent condition, and with a new vulcanizing outfit we started on the last thirty miles of our trip, secure in the belief that being forearmed would not only prepare us for mishaps but actually prevent them. And caution slowed our pace still more over the now-blistering highway. A Ford of recent model had right of way, but nothing previous to the vintage of '**25**. Ten miles or more carried us to a nice open stretch of road without so much as a shrub to break the sun's rays, when Ed looked at me and I looked at Ed, and without a word turned into the parking. He dug out the vulcanizing outfit and I found the tire tools and we set to work. Our smiles were as strained as our laughter, but we only had a few more miles to go granted the signposts were honest.

Two or three towns soon lay behind us and we held our place in the thickening traffic line to Springfield, and then—yes, right in front of a church, too. A pretty church with big shade trees in front, but mere shade could not cool the volcanoes within us.

And we cut into the line again, not caring a whoop what passed us,

as long we reached Springfield before Ed was due to enter the judging competition, in the morning. Nothing could matter now. We drove in silence, both thinking the same harsh thoughts, but neither caring to voice them, until, as we reached the outskirts of Springfield, the goal a mere two miles away, Ed remarked with a sigh of relief— "Just one more blowout would have made the same number as I had all the way to"— bump, bump, bump—and we pulled into the curb and sat there, dumb, our spirits so low as to be almost beyond recall.

Within half an hour we entered the Exposition and tried to enjoy it. The beef cattle were excellent, but gosh, how I wished I had a spare tire. The band was playing one of my favourite pieces, but what would I do if that outer tube blew out—and me with **$3.86** in my pocket? Some of the exhibits in the Manufacturers' buildings were mighty attractive, but West Cheshire was fifty miles away and I had to be on the Range at **6** A.M. All the time one query pestered me— were the roads cool enough yet to start for home?

When I slid into the seat all alone for the return trip and wormed my way out of the parking ground, I enjoyed the exhilarating sensation of one sitting on a powder barrel, not knowing whether or not the fuse was alight.

Out of West Springfield, through the city, out into the suburbs, and my spirits rose. The air was fresh, the engine purring sweetly, I had a tankful of "that good Gulf gas," and my oil gauge registered "full"— all clear for a fast run to the farm. Then—well, it was bound to happen.

As I worked on somebody's front lawn with all my equipment spread around, a bright little lad strolled up to make friends. Noting my haggard appearance, he knowingly asked, "Are you married?" And on my assurance that I didn't even have "a girl," he roamed away again, quite puzzled.

The rest of the trip I drove in my shirt-sleeves, prepared for the emergencies that, surely enough appeared- I no longer watched the signposts to figure my mileage. A simple formula did it for me— **flat tires x10 = whatever distance I'd covered since the last.**

As I swung round one of the last bends this side of Meriden, my headlight flashed on a signboard, bearing in the characteristic brevity of Dodge Brothers' advertising, the motto "A used car is just as dependable as the dealer who sells it"—and I remembered that he spelt his name "Louie."

The next afternoon while in Meriden, leaving my suit at the cleaners, the Ark began to act queerly on Hanover Street, stopping dead in front of the Chrysler Service Station. 'Maybe a respectable company will put new spirit into the old bus," I thought, and left it there with instructions to "fix it up". And they did. It ran as smoothly as silk (almost) and stood up squarely on the new left hind spring. But I'd practically lost interest in it by then.

"And where is it now?" you ask? Wander down Cooke Ave. The Meriden—New Haven highway and almost at the corner of Hanover St., you'll see a new building with a gold-lettered sign above the show windows "Dutee Wilcox Flint—Ford Distri-

butors." Drop a perpendicular line from about the word "Flint" and you'll see a remarkable specimen bearing the license number **103—902.** Engine O. K. upholstery fair, paint good, three new tires, new battery—a bargain at any price. And power! "say buddy———".

It's sitting pretty waiting for someone else to graduate, and I hope there's a fall convocation in this city for conferring the degree of D. F., because spring is a long, long way off, and I want to do post-grad work on a used Ford before then.

Ed. Note:—Nothing could encourage us more than to see some of our old graduates take an active interest in the Magazine. We think this one side of our journal that should receive more support from the old students than has formerly been the case. Now, you old timers, lets hear from some more of you.

What We Want To Know

(1) Why a certain individual has five portraits of the same girl in his room. (He says it is none of our ?—? business.)

(2) Why some people ate so much at Christmas that it affected the gastric equilibrium of those concerned.

(3) Why we don't have a grace sung before meals that has a little more melody than the present one.

(4) Why some elected of the mighty do not contribute to the Magazine themselves if they are so offended by its present shockingly low standard.

(5) Why, unlike the dance at most other colleges, the Formals here have to stop at one o'clock sharp.

(6) Why the undergraduates of this college do not give a dance themselves.

(7) Why the former interest and enthusiasm in the Formals has declined to some extent.

(8) Why certain individuals think that Macdonald is going to the bow-wows in the phase of social enjoyment.

(9) Why the Sophs were so downed when they saw their second-term timetable. (The answer is a period.)

(10) Why the P. P. Optionists were so glad when they discovered a certain subject had been omitted from their course this term.

(11) Why we can't have a little more diversity at our Sing-Songs.

(12) Why the breakfast coffee is not as good as that we get at the aforementioned Sing-Songs.

Live Stock Show

The Macdonald College Little Live Stock Show was held in the Stock Judging Arena, on Friday afternoon, January 28, 1927.

This show, the first of its kind at the College, but it is to be hoped not the last, was one of the features of the Winter Short Course programme conducted by the regular Animal Husbandry students of the College, under the supervision of the Animal Husbandry Department.

Dean Barton, in a short opening address to the appreciative audience gathered in the Arena, said that the students were responsible for the whole of the organization of the show, and were also responsible for the condition and appearance of their respective exhibits. He then declared the show open.

Organization;
Manager:

C. C. Macdougall, 4th. year Degree.
Asst. G. P. Mitchell, 2nd yr. Diploma.

Directors.

R. K. Bennet, 4th. yr.
J. E. Brady, 3rd. yr.
N. A. Drummond, 3rd. yr.
D. A. Ness, 2nd yr. Diploma.
A. Deakin, 3rd yr.
J. B. Cairncross, 2nd yr. Diploma.

AWARDS.

1st — Red Ribbon.
2nd — Blue "
3rd — Green "
4th — Orange Ribbon.
5th — White "
Championship Ribbon. —Purple
Class 1. Swine—Yorkshire Gilts.
Superintendent. J. E. Brady.

Awards.
1st E. A. Eardley.
2nd C. F. Mallowan, 1st. yr. Diploma.
3rd C. B. Dalton,
4th G. H. Nussy, 1st yr. Diploma.

The judge of this class, Mr. A. A. MacMillan, from Ottawa, stated in his summing up, that it was a very difficult class to judge, there being very little difference between Ist and last. He complimented the students on the very fine condition the pigs were in, and said they all deserved a great deal of credit for the hard work put on their respective animals.

Class 2. Sheep, Shropshire, Yearling Ewes.
Supt. R. K. Bennett.

Awards.

1st G. E. Chapman, 1st. yr.
2nd B. H. G. Lafitte 1st. Diploma.
3rd H. S. Rose 1st Diploma.
4th A. A. Kane, 1st. yr. Diploma.
5th O. E. Coats, 1st. yr. Diploma.

O. E. Coats took the place of G. H. Saunders, who was unable to exhibit his sheep, on account of illness.

Mr. A. A. MacMillan who was also the judge of this class, praised the students on the very neat jobs they had made of the trimming, and complimented Mr. G. E. Chapman on the skilled way he handled his sheep.

Class 3, Sec. 1.
Ayrshires, Heifers, 2 years, in milk.
Supt. R. K. Bennett.

Awards.

1st — C. N. Archibald, 1st yr.
2nd — S. C. Hudson, 1 st yr.
3rd — Miss M. Hawkes, 2nd yr.
4th — P. M. Elliot, 1st yr. Diploma
5th — H. A. Cox, 1st yr, Diploma.

Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Huntingdon, Que., was the judge of this class. He stated that the whole, as a class, were in fine working shape and that there was very little in the dividing of 1st and 2nd, and 3rd and 4th.

Miss M. Hawkes, the only member of the fairer sex who took part in the show, is to be congratulated on the able way in which she handled her entry, and the amount of applause she received on gaining 3rd place, helped to compensate for not having taken the premier award.

Class **111**. Ayrshires. Senior Heifer Calves.

Superintendant. J. B. Cairncross.

Awards.

1. C. E. Byers.
2. W. A. Waugh.
3. M. W. S. Swan.
4. H. Nussey.
5. T. W. Ferguson.

Judge. R. R. Ness, of Howick, Que.

Championship Class. Ayrshires.

The first prize winner of the three preceeding classes were the entries, and Mr A. Hume, of Campbellford. Ontario, placed them as follows.

1. C. E. Byers.
2. C. N. Archibald.
3. C. A. Eaves.

As some of the judges had to leave here, Mr. G. P. Mitchell, assistant manager of the show, in a few well chosen words, thanked the judges for having so ably carried out their duties.

Mr. W. F. Stephens responded, and complimented the students on their excellent work.

Class **111**. Ayrshires. Section **11**. Yearling Heifers.

Superintendant. D. A. Ness.

Awards.

1 C. A. Eaves.
2. G. P. Keeling.
3. T. A. Moll.
4. W. Ferguson.

Judge. Gilbert MacMillan. Huntingdon. Quebec.

Dean Barton mentioned that the 1st. and 2nd. exhibitors were Old Country boys, who came to Macdonald College under a scheme now in operation between the College and the C. P. Railway. where upon Mr. W. F. Stephens called out "They're the stuff to make good Canadian farmers."

Class **IV**. Jerseys. Heifers, **2** years, dry.

Superintendent. N. A. Drummond.

Awards.

1. R. Johnson.
2. A. E. Johnson.
3. L. Haslam.
4. D. E. McCuish.
5. H. Sadler.

Mr. W. Hunter of Grimsby, Ontario. judged this class.

Class. **5**. Holsteins. Heifers. **2** years, in milk.

Superintendant. A. Deakin.

Awards.

1. E. E. Stowe.
2. F. H. Ingham.
3. L. Franco.
4. E. G. Sharvelle.

Judge. Dean Barton.

Mr. C. C. Macdougall, the manager of the show, together with his assistant manager, Mr. G. P. Mitchell, the superintendants of the various classes, and the Animal Husbandry Department in general are all to be congratulated on the excellence of the show, and I am sure everyone present in the arena during the afternoon felt duly repaid for the time they spent there.

Outgrown Opinions

B.C. SABERTON, *Teachers' 27*

There are four historical layers underlying the minds of civilized men,—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional mind. We have outgrown each of the first three stages, and have only reached the fourth, from which, at the present day, we can see no avenue of escape. It has only been by a gradual evolution that the old opinions have been outgrown and new ones advanced. Progress has been slow, firstly from the point of view of man's mind and secondly from that of man's inclinations. The change from the first stage to the second, the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, has taken from prehistoric times down to our own day. Man is so made that his natural tendency is to stay within his own rut, and, if he is shaken out of it, to crawl back as soon as he possibly can. "Changes have to be forced upon him by hard experiences. "Therefore, the change has been almost imperceivably slow.

Our present day writers have depicted this gradual change in their essays and plays. Such men as Shaw and Wilde have built their plots about these outgrown opinions. In "Lady Windermere's Fan" the whole development of the plot rests on the fact, that although Lady Windermere was very conservative in the first act, her mind was so worked upon by Lord Darlington, that she outgrew her old opinions, and formed new ones upon which she now looked as being correct. And so it has been all down the centuries, a gradual advancement, a breaking down of the old opinions, the building up of the new.

Take, for instance, the old alchemists with their theories about the elixir of life, the universal solvent and the phlogiston theory. Their opinions gave way before the onslaught of such men as Priestly and Lavoisier, who turned chemistry into its present day channel. However, we cannot entirely overlook the effect of the Alchemist on the whole subject of Chemistry. Theirs was fertile ground in which the seed of later chemistry was to take root. Without their aid, fake though it may have been, the great advancement in this science could never have been realized. Even in our own day we have seen the great atomic theory, so long thought infallible, broken down. In its place, we have been given the electron and proton. It is yet to be discovered, a way in which this huge atomic power may be harnessed. If we had it in this day, it would, most likely, do more harm than good. To-morrow our present store of knowledge will be outgrown, our present day opinions may lead onward, upward to undreamed of heights. The people of the future will look on our knowledge as primitive and savage, even as we look on that of our own ancestors. Still it will be the stepping stone which enabled them to reach their greater knowledge.

Even the ideas of religion have undergone a great change. The Ancient Greeks believed in the scandalous lives of their gods, Olympus

and others. Plato had outgrown this belief. He renounced it. He was hundreds of years ahead of his times. Aristotle, too, was banished for thinking and writing as he did, whilst Socrates was executed for his teachings. The doctrines of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohammed have been outgrown, until now, the teachings of Jesus have spread to almost every part of the globe. Will this teaching in its turn become outgrown?

The Renaissance, itself, was only an attempt to shake off the fetters of Catholicism which for hundreds of years had held the whole of Europe in bondage. Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin lead this great religious dispute. Their effect is only being fully felt in our own day. It has taken from the sixteenth century until now to outgrow some of these old religious opinions. The fatherhood of God, has been preached by Christians for over eighteen centuries, and the brotherhood of man, by the Stoics, long before them. Yet we see serfdom in the Middle Ages, murderous wars and massacres, in our own era. The world has many more religious opinions to outgrow, before in truth we can say, we are entirely free.

Not so long ago one of the prominent figures in the Patent Office resigned his position. On being asked why he did this strange deed, the reply came back that everything that was worth inventing had been invented. Since, then the telegraph, telephone, radio, X rays, automobiles and countless other inventions have been made in the field of science. As each new subject was touched, it opened, bringing to light hundreds upon hundreds of newer, better inventions. After the printing press had been invented, men sat back in their seats, heaved a sigh of contentment, and patted themselves on the back. They had the opinion that the greatest invention of all times had been made. And so it had, for that generation. The next outgrew this pig-headed idea, and so started on a new era of science and invention which has lasted down to the present day. Some people have the opinion that all science is coming to a gradual standstill. To my mind this is not so. The mere surface of Knowledge has been scratched. If we could keep on learning, discovering, and inventing for the next million years, it would only be an infinitesimal drop in the great ocean of knowledge which is possible.

"Though much is taken, much abides." Men are not, at this stage of the game, congratulating themselves that everything has been discovered. They have seen too many opinions outgrown.

The Collegiate Spider

By MAC, The P. G.

It is only a short time ago that I obtained, through sheer chance, my first impression of the hero of this story, and it was a lasting one. Of course, until recently, that is, until the collegiate spider passed out of my life and room, I have had several chance meetings with him. He is a retiring chap, seldom appearing in public, but he loves to leave traces of his handiwork on my mural decorations, sometimes much to my annoyance.

When I first perceived him, on that first occasion when I decided rather suddenly to apply myself to the solving of the college curriculum, I was very much impressed by his remarkable appearance. He was not like the ordinary spider, but rather more distinguished, yet showing unique collegiate adornments on his person. What really struck me as being queer was that wild unnatural light in his eyes. His head drooped, thorax was somewhat slumped forward, legs more or less limpid, barely sustaining his weight, his hair was rumpled, and there seemed to be a general starved appearance about him. I wondered what the matter was, and what could have been the cause of such a depression of his spirits, for, if I remember correctly, most of the spiders that I have known in the country have been blithe creatures with never a worry in the world. This mystery was not solved for several weeks, but gradually I came to the root of the matter. It seems that it was his senior year in college, and had always been accustomed to having his meals elsewhere, but he was determined to sow his wild oats at last, and so wanted to be really collegiate and join a college fraternity. So that is the way he found himself in my room. It is pitiful to relate the manner in which he was deceived by his frat brothers. They promised him the best of everything if he would only join them, but when he had, he was obliged to depend on his own resources for his daily bread. No wonder the countrified spiders are satisfied with their environment. They always had plenty of nice things to eat, jellied gnats, breaded flies, etc. Here in my room, no fly could live unless it was in training for a long distance starvation race. I have seen flies come to the window, look around the room for a while, and then leave in disgust, for here was no place for a self-respecting fly to bring up a family. Hence, what opportunity was there for a spider, no matter how ambitious he might be, to get along in life?

When I perceived what really ailed the spider I decided to assist him in his difficulty. No words can express that deep feeling of gratitude which came into his eyes when I helped him capture that first fly which came into the room, attracted by the odor of honey, a small amount of which I had carefully smuggled into the room. After a hearty meal, during which I did not feel justified in correcting his table manners, seeing that he had been in college for so long, and besides that he was almost starved to death, I decided to help him along during

the year as best as I could, and if possible, help him graduate in the spring convocation, which, by the way, comes two months ahead of ours. Much encouraged by my moral support, he bowed his thanks and left me for a while. Then I sat down, seriously contemplating his possible fate.

Nearly a week afterwards, on a Saturday afternoon, I was again in my room. I felt slightly tired so I just sat and read. Can you imagine my surprise when I saw the spider strolling across the table. He was not alone this time. He was fussing. I had forgotten that this was a co-educational institution for spiders as well as for we humans. What a change was wrought in him. Attired in his best, hair all smooth and shiny, and with the bearing of a lord, he seemed the very prince of fussers. Before I had fully recovered from the shock, he came, tapped me lightly on the arm and started to give his order. I suppose he thought that I spent my spare time operating a college filling station for spiders and their affinities. Surprised though I was, I managed to promise that his wishes would be fully attended to. I managed to get a look at his partner and I saw that she had just seated herself on a small square of art gum, had crossed her shapely limbs, and was at that moment powdering her nose. I suppose that she had learned the art from her fair cousins of the genus Homo sapiens.

The young couple sat down together, waiting for the meal to arrive. I noticed that there seemed to be a mutual liking between them, but one can never tell about a woman. It was rather difficult to overhear their intimate conversation, but even though I felt like an eavesdropper, I could not escape hearing the young gallant telling his love that his ancestors were descended in direct line from that Scotch spider who persisted in climbing threads in caves, while forlorn kings sat watching him, taking notes, and making New Year resolutions. Her people apparently came over on the "Mayflower" and had lived in Boston for countless generations. I brought them their tea and left them to themselves. Finally he came in to charge his order, while she arranged her hair, and then they left me.

When I next saw him, I was really shocked at him. He looked worse than when I first knew him. Not so starved to be sure, but he kept on running around in circles, tottering a good deal. I saw him try to build a crazy web at the dizzy heights above my window, evidently determined to commit suicide. Life no longer seemed to hold any interest for him. He flung himself from his web in despair and would have been surely killed—I covered my eyes when I saw him fall—had he not accidentally fallen head first into a tumbler full of water which I had left on the window sill. I fished him out, dried him a bit, shut my eyes for a while until he had changed, and then pressed him to tell me his tale of woe. He did not feel justified at first in telling his story to a stranger, but at last he relented. He had fallen deeply in love with the fair lady spider I had seen him with on the previous occasion. He had spent his time and his means with her. He had asked her to attend the Easter Prom with him, but, there she failed him. She was going to it with some city sheik she

had known before, but had not told my friend, the collegiate spider, anything about. I did not wonder at his depression, and sympathized with him, for I felt that the so-called fair sex were usually very unfair to us men. He felt better after that, and promised to leave the fair sex alone and swore that he would, in the future, look a little more into his books and a little less for trouble. I am glad to say that he kept his word. He studied hard, and I felt amply repaid for my trouble when I was thanked by his proud mother for helping her son along in college where he had been beset by so many temptations.

My tale is not destined to end happily, for Fate is a fickle mistress. After his graduation, Mr. William Spider, B. A. came up to me, shook me gravely by the hand, and took me over to a spot where I was welcomed by a charming, very pretty, kind, young lady of his acquaintance. She was his affianced bride. They were a handsome couple indeed. I hoped that they would be happy after they were married. I knew they were then, for they built their cosy, little love-nest just west of the crest of my Saskatchewan pennant. After a time, additions came to their family. Numerous little boy and girl spiders played house all over the parent web, making little webs of their own. They often had races to see who could drop the fastest, shooting down like tiny meteors. I saw them grow up to manhood and womanhood. I saw the products of their industry all over the walls and ceiling. I did not deny them the privilege to build their home with me. However, what could I do, for one day while I had been away, my maid came into the room, and had swept the whole spider colony to its destruction. Only my poor friend had been left. It was useless to try to console him. He was broken hearted, his hair whitened at the temples, and his features were drawn. He was sitting down thinking moodily, but finally arose, and lifting his tired hands above his head, he swore that he would leave this place of unhappiness forever. Shaking with emotion, I helped him from the room, and then he shuffled dejectedly, like the broken spider that he was, toward the setting sun, where men are men, and spiders have a future. Such is life.

Canadian Horses For Russia

J. C. Hargrave, V. S. of the Health of Animals Branch and Jack Byers of the Dominion Live Stock Branch have returned to Canada from Russia where they delivered **1,000** western horses to the U.S.S.R. at Leningrad. In September, **1925,** the Dominion Department of Agriculture sent a trial shipment of various types of horses to Europe with a view to interesting European countries in buying Canadian horses. The advertising resulting from this shipment, together with persistent negotiations on the part of the Department, eventually resulted early in the summer of **1926** in the Soviet Government completing the contract with the Department of Agriculture to purchase **1,000** horses and to deliver them to Leningrad. These horses had to be halterbroken, **5** to **7** years old, sound, suitable for saddle work, and not less than **14½** hands in height. **500** of these horses were bought in Saskatchewan and the remainder in Alberta and British Columbia, only a few coming from the latter province owing to scarcity of help to round up on account of forest fires. The co-operation of the stockmen in assembling this shipment was splendid and the full number was secured in a comparatively short time. There was, however, a delay of several weeks in securing a ship large enough to carry a consignment of this size. Finally, the steamship HYACINTHUS was chartered and the horses were assembled at Calgary and Moose Jaw for shipment to Montreal, where they were loaded October **7**. This was quite an event at Montreal, as it was the first full trainload of horses to cross the country and the first shipload to leave Montreal since the Great War.

Mr. Byers, on being interviewed, said:— "At noon on October **8,** we sailed from Montreal. The HYACINTHUS proved to be a good sea boat and being favoured with good weather, we were able to deliver the shipment at Leningrad on October **26** with the surprisingly small loss of only **6** head. Upon arrival, we found that no gangways or chutes had been constructed; this delayed unloading until noon on the **27**th. During the two days unloading, there were a few thrills and exciting moments such as only western horses can provide, especially after a **6,500** mile sea journey with no opportunity to work off surplus energy. The horses were examined individually by the Soviet Commission as unloaded and were then led about **7** miles to a military establishment where preparations had been made to receive them. At this establishment, the horses were carefully sorted according to type in preparation for inspection by General Bolinny and other officials from Moscow.

"As was to be expected in an initial shipment, this inspection was a very rigid one and the officials were careful to point out the types which came the closest to meeting their requirements. This may be described as an upstanding horse of saddle type not less than **15** hands and weighing anywhere from **1,000** to **1200** lbs. We were informed that this was the class of horse best adapted to the southern part of Russia (the Steppes) to which this shipment was destined. Fortunately the type desired is that

of which there is the greatest surplus in the range area of western Canada and for which there has been practically no market in recent years. In the shipment were a number of horses which did not meet with very favourable reception. These were of the light artillery type and from the standpoint of the Canadian market, were the most valuable horses included.

"The sorting was done by a committee of cavalry officers and on going down the lines after it was completed, one could not but be impressed with the fact that these men were real horsemen and that their ideas of type were definite. Ten or a dozen horses of a certain type would be tied in a row and next to them would be an equal number of similar type but lacking perhaps in size or quality. When the various groups were finally in readiness for inspection by General Bolinny, the shades of difference as to type and desirability from the Russian standpoint were very distinctly demonstrated.

General Bo'inny, the Cossack hero of Russia, devoted a day to the inspection and our impression after listening to his comments, as interpreted to us, was that he was well satisfied with the majority of the horses. The following week, in our interviews with Mr. Nicolas Souglinsky in Moscow, we received assurance that the U.S.S.R. would purchase from **3,000** to **5,000** horses in Canada in the summer of **1927**. Mr. Souglinsky is the head of the trade delegation in the U.S.S.R., his position being similar to that of our Minister of Trade and Commerce but different in that he is directly responsible for all purchasing of live stock and machinery on behalf of the U.S.S.R. Government,

"The courtesy and consideration which we received from Mr. Souglinsky who was with us practically all the time during our stay in Russia was typical of the treatment we received from all officials, civil and military, with whom we came in contact. Our opportunities for observation were, of course, limited, but our movements during our stay were entirely unhampered and from what we saw of the life of the people and of their industrial activities, it would appear that many of the reports which we sometimes read of the alleged chaotic conditions in U.S.S.R. cannot be based on firsthand information.

"The U.S.S R. seem to appreciate the trade relationships already established with Canada. Shortly after the new Republic was recognized by the Canadian Government, an official agent and trade representative of the U.S.S.R. was despatched to Canada and located with headquarters at Montreal. While this official is in a position to perfect the connection at the Canadian end, the authorities in the U.S.S.R. seem to feel that they are at a loss discussing at their end prospective business in which Canada might be interested. At the present time, tractors and farm implements comprise the more important items in their import trade and on different occasions during our stay, regret was expressed that Canada had no trade representative stationed in the U S.S.R. such as we have in other European countries.

Ed. Note:—This article was sent to us by J. H. Grisdale, Esquire, the Canadian Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and, in acknowledgement, we feel sure it will be of great interest to the majority of our readers.

To McGill's Battalions

JOHN STEWART THOMPSON

Dedicated to the author's cousins, the Thomas-McGowan brothers, Frank and Tom, 38th Battalion of famous "Princess Pat's" who, after fighting 4 years in France were both killed the same night in the last battle of Cambrai September 29, 1918.

Eyes front! hero boys of McGill!
God gave the cause, free-born man gives the will:
Will to seat Liberty highest, until
Her fruit flows over valley and hill.

Earth waits, little Gideon band!
Strike, though the Midian chokes sea and land:
Hate is his measure of fear; he can't stand
'Gainst Truth. Without Justice he planned.

(Continued Overleaf)

They cling to your knees in a trance:
Mothers of Belgium and daughters of France;
"Mary Madonna" is writ on their glance;—
Their Lord? He is slain by a lance!

"World-Power" is the vintage he grinds;
"Fifteen Inch Brummers" he matches' gainst minds;
Ash-heaps he makes of the churches he finds;
Gun-fire the pale cross soon outblinds.

Your eyes to the hills now upraise!
Whom march you with? E'en the Ancient of Days:
God, who struck Babylon down in her ways.
Illumined ye stand in His gaze.

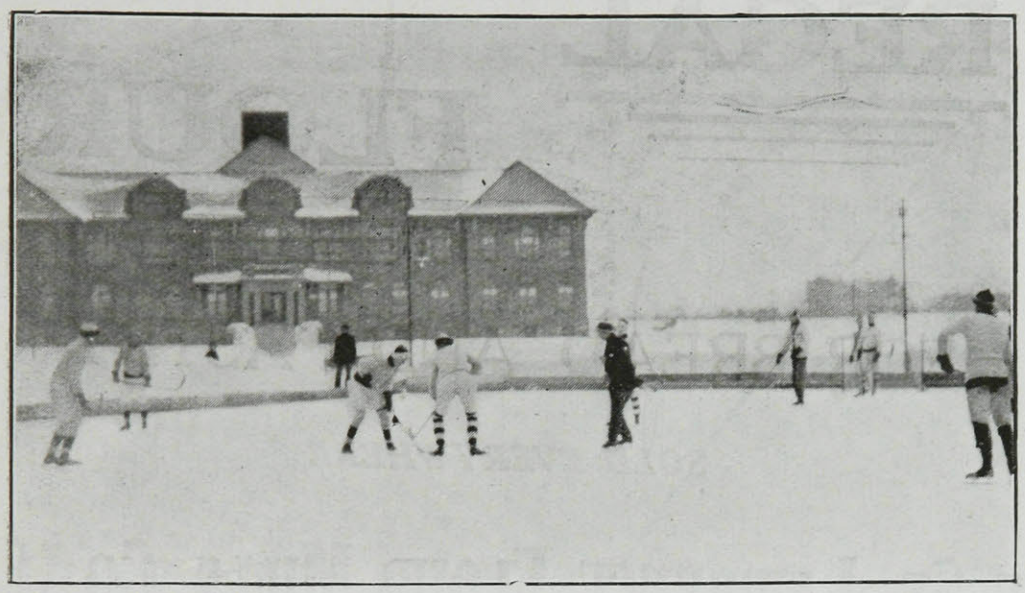
The centuries look on you now!
David and Gideon, Milton,—they bow;
"Waterloo" shines on old Wellington's brow;
They call: "make a sword of your plough"!

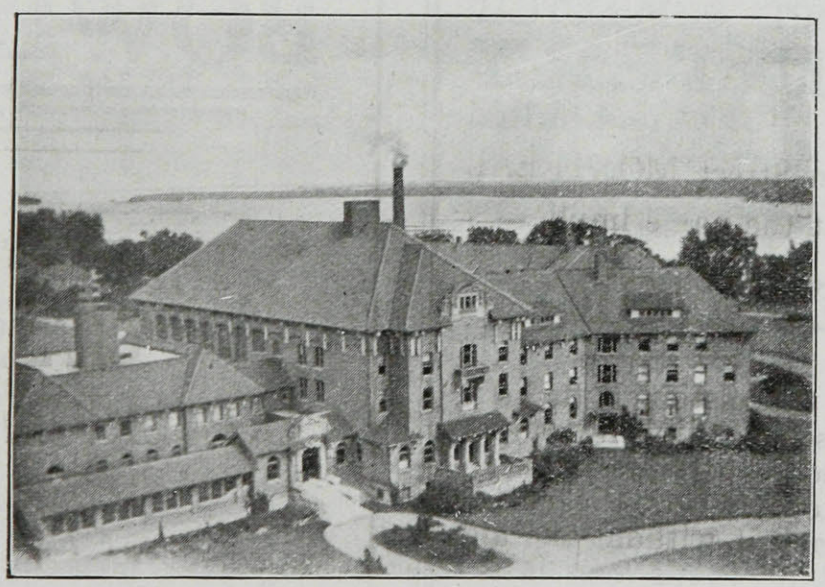
McGill! through the pages of Fame,
March! Lend a hand! Put an end to the shame!
"Weaklings" they cried, when they heard your clear name:—
But that's not the end of the game!

"Conscriptional Caesar must die!
Men can ye read that decree on the sky?
Marne—to the Aisne—to the Rhine—how they fly!
McGill! you've the rod to apply.

Cheer, boys! don't you see what you've won:
Yes, our McGill has a place in the sun
"FREEDOM FROM SWORD—RULE;" and when that is done,
No man from a tyrant need run;

No maid from oppressors need flee;
Ships will be safe on the crest of the sea;
Children can sleep on their grandmother's knee.
McGill! these your sword has set free.





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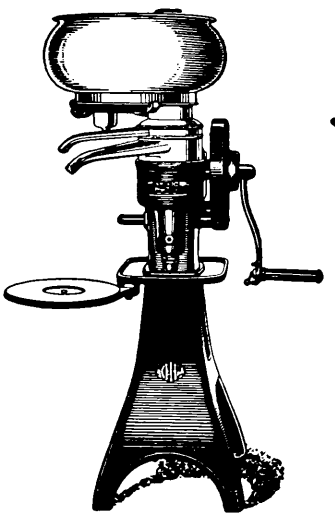

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